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No. 184.

#### DECEIVED.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

The saddest man I ever knew
Was one who counted others true;
Who loved, and loving, was deceived.
In her whom he had most believed.
He laid in homage at her feet.
His heart, an offering pure and sweet;
She, caring not for heart so pure,
For love that could through life endure,
Smiled at the thing she valued less
Than the blue ribbon of her dress,
And sought, the while his heart might ache,
Some other heart to win and break.

I pitied him! His shattered faith Was far more pitiful than death. He had believed her good and true, And loved as only such men do. Had loved that faisest of false things—A butterfly with shining wings—A woman with no woman's soul! Life has its times of joy and dole; But oh! what time could sadder be Than when a true man wakes to see—And such things happen every day—His idol proved of common clay!

### The Man from Texas:

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS,

A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "MAD DETECTIVE," ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB,"
"WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED,
MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF
FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XII. A WOMAN'S WIT.

THE General stared at the sheriff in astonish ment.

"What's that?" he cried, in amazement.
"I say, I've got a warrant hyer for the arrest of your overseer; 'sault and battery," repeated

"Why, you haven't had any trouble with any one, have you?" Smith asked, in wonder, turning to Texas.

"Not that I'm aware of," the overseer replied. "There must be some mistake."
"I reckon you're the man, stranger," the sheriff replied; "you answer to the descrip-

tion."
"Who makes the complaint; do you know Lem?" the General asked.
"You it's that his nigger, King Congo."

A low whistle of astonishment came from the General's lips.

"Well, now, this beats me!" he exclaimed "Why, Lem, you know what a scamp that Con-He came on my place here this morning, tried to persuade my hands to quit work and when my overseer here-Mr. Texas. Mi Johnson-interfered, the nig talked back to

him, chock full of fight, too. Well, he just got whaled; Johnson, you would have give ten dollars to have seen how beautiful Mr. Texas here walloped that cuss. I'm an old man, Johnson, and have traveled a good deal, but it was the prettiest fight that I ever saw in my life. The way we cleaned out Banks, down on the Red River, wasn't any thing to it.' Smith was quite excited.

"Of course, General, I don't know any thing about it," Johnson explained. "Justice of the Peace, Foxcroft, put the warrant into my hands, and of course I've got to serve it. I told the Justice that I thought it was a leetle out of my line, but you see the constable, Bill Smith, is down flat on his back with the shakes-by the way, General, Bill's some sort of a relation

of yours, isn't he ?" Yes, third cousin. Bill is sick, eh?" "Awful! I told him when he bought that place down on the Catfish that it were powerful unhealthy," the sheriff said. "Well, as I said afore, Bill's sick, and his deputy, Jim Forsyth's gone up to Fort Smith. He went up on the Des Arc yesterday—mighty fine boat that Des Arc, General, a heap sight better than the old one; well, you see, thar wa'n't any official left in the town to serve the durned thing, 'less I toted it; so I jest thought that I would oblige

the Justice for onc't."
"Yes, of course I understand," Smith said: "I spose you will have to go in, Mr. Texas since the warrant is out. But that beats me, Lem! The idea of coming and picking a fuss and then going and getting out a warrant for

"That's kinder raking things," Johnson re marked, soberly. "From the looks of the dark I should have jedged that he had had about six teen onto him

"Whipped him in fair fight! I saw nearly all of it myself. Johnson, you would have given twenty-five dollars to have seen the fight!" the old Arkansian exclaimed, excitedly "From the looks of the nig, I reckon I would, General," the sheriff said, with an air of

Sam, saddle my Morgan, and the black right away!" the General shouted to the negro who was sunning himself outside the stable.

"Deed, sar, dat black done gone lame," re

"You'll have to ride the spotted mustang then; I must tell Missouri," and the General re entered the house.

The overseer's horse had been sent to the blacksmith to be re-shod, just before dinner, and hadn't returned.

Hardly had the General closed the door be hind him when he was joined by Missouri. Concealed behind the Venetian blinds of the dining-room, she evidently had overheard all that had passed.

Smith was proceeding to explain, but his daughter interrupted him with the assurance that she knew all about it.

You can have the mustang, of course, father," she said, hurriedly; "but what will they do with Mr. Texas? I'm sure the negro deserved all he got, although Mr. Texas did strike him first; but I know that that big brute said something dreadfully insulting to him."
"Why, how did you know that he struck



From behind the Venetian blinds, pretty Missouri watched the horsemen until they disappeared from view.

him first?" the General asked, in amazement. "Oh, I suppose that some of the hands told

No, father; where should I see any of the hands?" the girl replied, evidently confused.
"How the mischief, then, did you know any thing about it?" Smith questioned, in a puzzle. "Why, I happened to be up stairs in the cupola, and saw it all from beginning to end," he replied, slowly, and in great embarrass

But the General was decidedly more astonished at this statement than he had been at

"But how could you see the affair from the cupola?" he asked; "the field is over half a mile off!" "Why, I-I had your field-glass, father," she

answered, blushing red as fire as she spoke "Oh, I see," the old man said; and, busy as his mind was, thinking of the outrage of the overseer's arrest, he took but little notice of his child's confusion. And she, on her part, was heartily glad that he did not press his question further, and ask her what she was doing up in the cupola with the field-glass for a companion. "We can have the mustang, then?" the Gen-

eral said, retreating to the door.
"Yes, certainly!" was the decided reply; but, father, they can't trouble Mr. Texas, can

Of course not, in justice! The fellow pro oked the thrashing, anyway, and deserved all ne got. I suppose the idea is to make it appear n outrage on the negroes, and so make a sort f political affair out of it; but I don't think they will be able to do it in this county. The war is over and we understand it, and there is o more law-abiding community anywhere in

the United States." But, father, if there is any trouble, you'll stand by him-you'll see him through, won't

you?" asked the girl, persuasively.
"Will I?" exclaimed the old General, hastily by the Lord I will! I'll see him through if it akes every mule on the plantation!" Then Smith emerged from the house to the

Sam had the General's brown Morgan mare addled, and stood waiting with it in front of

the house.
"Saddle the spotted mustang, Sam, for Mr 'exas," the planter ordered, as he mounted inthe saddle, quite lightly for one of his years and build.

Yes, sar; I done saddle de mustang. spects you'd want dat!" Sam answered with a grin; and then, in obedience to his whistle, a colored boy led out the spotted mustang—Miscolored boy led out the spotted mustang mustang mustang mustang mustang mustang mustang mustang mustang mu colored boy led out the spotted mustang—Missouri's pet—from the stable, all saddled and

The overseer leaped lightly into the saddle, and the party set out.

From behind the Venetian blinds, pretty

landing, soon got into conversation.

Missouri watched the horsemen until they dis appeared around the bend of the road.

The horsemen, riding briskly toward the

"Times are changing mightily, ain't they, and the animals themselves became scarce, so General?" the sheriff observed. "I kin remem- Adair gave up trapping and looked around for ber the time when two gentlemen could have a nice quiet fight, and a sheriff that went to arrest one on 'em, would have bin mobbed, sure. Why, they could even use their shootin' irons, and the authorities wouldn't interfere.

"That's so," asseverated the General. "When will the examination take place? "Jist as soon as we git thar. The nig and his lawyer air waiting. Bob Howard's his lawyer. Bob's a good lawyer; better jedge of whisky, though."

"If they've got Bob Howard, they mean business," the General exclaimed, earnestly. "I reckon we better pick up Judge Yell, as we go

by his place. The Judge knows the law."
"I'll 'low he does, but he's the durnest old cuss for a practical joke in the hull State. I recken ef the Jedge and Bob come together, law and whisky will suffer," the sheriff remark-

#### CHAPTER XIII. "SWAPPING GOL."

In the clearing, outside his log-cabin, sat Gol Adair, better known perhaps for forty miles around as Swapping Gol. Near by him was Peter Ritter, his constant companion, and the United States officer, Lieutenant Winnie.

The trio had just returned from a ducking xcursion down the Arkansas; that they had been successful a half-dozen braces of wild

ducks clearly proved.

Gol Adair was a little wiry, dried-up sort of man, with a skin as yellow as parchment and almost as tightly drawn over the bones as that of a mummy. His harsh yellow hair was chopped off close to his head—his own hand and a sharp-edged bowie-knife always attending to the trimming operation; his eyes were little, deep set in his head, and a greenish gray in color-more like the eyes of an animal than n man. He was dressed in a homespun suit that once had been butternut-brown in color but exposure to wind and rain, contact with the black mud of the bayou, the yellow sands of the Arkansas and the red clay of the riverbanks, to say nothing of the numerous patche of various colors, with which the thrifty Gol had at times repaired the rents and tears that brambly branches and the claws and teeth of wild beasts had made in his garments, had now so utterly changed the original color that it was hard to say which was the prevail-

his only weapons. Adair was quite a character. He had emigrated from upper Georgia, some thirty years before, and taken up his residence in Arkan-

At that time peltry was plenty on the upper Arkansas and its branches, and Adair followed the occupation of a trapper for a living; but,

a plantation.

And just about that time, old Colonel Smith founded the town of Smithville, and as the Catfish Bayou had been one of Gol's favorite haunts in the early days when he had first faabout twenty acres, just above the junction of the bayou with the Arkansas, and erecting a log-cabin, assisted by the inhabitants of the city—that was to be—settled down upon his

Adair never amounted to much in the planter line, though that could not be expected of the owner of twenty acres, surrounded as he was by estates, the smallest of which was over a thousand acres in extent.

But Adair declared he wouldn't have the best plantation in the county. He wasn't a-going to be a slave to any "durned cotton crop, or any other kind of a crop—not ef he knowed hisself!"

All he wanted was five or ten bales-enough to buy groceries and liquor. Corn he could raise himself; there was plenty of fish in the bayou, and his rifle could bring him all the meat he wanted and pay for his powder, caps

and balls, besides. And as for the two or three half-wild horse that he always possessed, in the winter he turned them into the canebrake where they fed on the young cane until they were as fat as hogs, and in the summer, the rank grass of the

prairie gave them food Adair was noted, too, for his swapping pro-pensities. He was never so happy as when in a trade. He had been known to start out of Smithville, riding the worst-looking "clay bank" horse that ever a man bestrode, with. little mean open-faced silver watch in pocket and a rusty shot-gun on his shoulder, strike over the line into the Indian nation, and come back, in a month, with a couple of fine horses worth seventy-five or eighty dollars apiece—high prices those, for even extra horses, on the upper Arkansas, before the war —an excellent double-barreled gun—or a fine rifle, maybe—two or three pistols or knives, and a good solid hunting-case watch in his pocket; all of which trophies were the products of a series of judicious swaps.

Smithville folks said Gol Adair had rather swap than eat, and as they were his near neighbors, they naturally were pretty well posted on the subject.

Adair was peculiar in another way, too. He never owned a slave, and when questioned on the subject by some zealous neighbor who had got a notion into his head that Gol belonged to that dreaded class known as "Abolitionists," the withered-up hunter simply said that they were too much trouble, and he wasn't "gwine to be a slave to any nig," himself. "They eat more'n they raised, an' would steal more'n they'd eat." This was Gol's idea on the subject. Then, too, he never troubled his head as time passed on, the price of furs declined about politics. And one time, when party

spirit ran high, and the anxious men on either spirit ran high, and the anxious men on either side were drumming up all the recruits they could get, Gol Adair was finally badgered into a promise that he would come to Smithville and vote, for once in his life. And, true to his word, he walked up to the polls and voted for Gineral George Washington for President; and when remonstrated with by the leading men of both parties, who reminded him that the "Father of his Country" was dead, Gol replied, coolly, that it didn't "make any difference; Gineral Washington dead would make a great deal better President than any live man that they could scare up, from Maine to Mexico, nowadays."

After that, Gol Adair was let alone, as far as politics were concerned.

When the war broke out, Adair saw at once, with his shrewd good sense, that it would be clearly impossible for him to keep out of it and remain at home. So, one fine morning before the sun was up, Gol Adair whistled his dogs around him, mounted his best horse, and "lit"

A party of the young hot-bloods of the village—a slip of the pen, we mean "city"—who visited Adair's cabin that very day, with intent to make him enlist or fight, found the doors of the cabin wide open, all the skins—Gol's simple substitute for furniture—gone, and a rude sign stack in a creation of the tipher and a rude sign stuck in a crevice of the timber, which bore the brief but expressive inscrip-

"Gone till the war quits." Smithville saw no more of Gol Adair until the autumn of 1865; then he suddenly appeared, as usual, riding a better horse than he had gone away on, and dropped right back again into his old place, just as if he had never left

He had spent the four years of the war down in Texas, far away from all knowledge of the hostile scenes, and it was only by accident that he had heard of the termination of the strug-

Five or six feet from Gol-who was crouched down on the grass, playing with his pet squirrel, one of the black Mexican breed that he had brought with him from Texas—sitting on a log, was the German, Peter Ritter-or, as more generally termed, Dutch Pete. He was a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed youth, apparently not over eighteen, but well and stoutly built, after the universal fashion of his healthy country-

Tramping through the country, he had sought shelter, one night, at Adair's cabin, and the two, getting into conversation after supper,

smoking their pipes together before the huge log fire, took quite an interest in each other. The old hunter, Gol Adair, who for years had avoided the society of his fellow-men, took a strange fancy to the simple German lad who was without either parents or friends

Adair noticed the repeating rifle, Colt's patent, that the youth carried, and shrewdly suspected from that that the boy had been a soldier in the Union army, although of course it was natural that he should wish to keep that fact to himself, for at that time a good deal of the bitterness of the war still remained in that

And in the morning, the old hunter proposed to the lad to stay with him, unless he thought he could better himself by going further on.

The lad eagerly accepted the offer, and from that day forth had made his home with Adair.

was his constant companion in the hunt. A strange bond of sympathy existed between the two-the childless, solitary old hunter and the young, fresh boy, just at life's threshold, but friendless and alone.

He assisted the old man in the cotton-field, and

### CHAPTER XIV.

THE LOVERS.

"I RECKON I'll have to go up to the landing and git some tobaccy," Adair said, as he examined the huge tin box in which he carried his supply of the fragrant weed; "I kinder reckon I kin swap off a pair of these ducks for what tobaccy I want, an' not get cheated much either. Scat, you rascal! Consarn yer, you put yur teeth clean into my thumb!" This last remark: was addressed to the squirrel which had taken advantage of Adair's inattention, to give him a good sharp nip on the finger.

"Igo to the landing mit you," said Pete, who spoke with a strong German accent. What do you want up to the landing, hey?" questioned Adair; "you ain't out of tobaccy

"Nein, I have plenty-much," and he blushed up to his eyes as he spoke.

Gol took a good look at him with his keen

little eyes, and then he puckered up the corners of his mouth in a peculiar manner.
"Wal—all right; we'll go up together:

p'haps you kin swap off your ducks for what you want," Gol suggested, innocently, but there was a merry twinkle in his eyes as he

The lad shook his head. 'Nein," he replied, laconically.

Winnie was stretched out at full length on the green sward, resting his head on his hand, his shot-gun lying by his side. He was paying no heed to the conversation, but was idly pulling the blades of grass to pieces, evidently deep meditation. Gol glanced from the lad to the young sol-

dier, a comical grin upon his dried-up features. "They've both on 'em got it bad," he muttered, in an undertone. "I s'pose it's in the natur' of humans to have it while they're you jist as puppies catch the distemper. It don't kill quite so many two-legged critters, though. I say, boys!' he cried, abruptly, raising his voice to attract the attention of the two, "what do you say to try fur a deer to-night with a I've got some splendid chocks of fat-

All right; where will you go?" Winnie ask-

ed. "Bout six miles up the bayou, the other side of Black-Jack Swamp. We'll start about

to-night." And then the eyes of the old hunter twinkled.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Winnie, suddenly. "I can't go as early as that."

"Nein, neither can I," Peter said, getting

very red in the face again. "I can not go mit you so early as dat."
"Why, what on airth is the matter with both on you?" asked Gol, in affected amazement. I have an appointment this evening," the

lieutenant explained. 'Dat ish the matter mit me," the German lad

confessed, still very red in the face.
"Get him to wait till to-morrow," Gol suggested, very innocently, addressing the soldier "and won't the gentleman wait for you, Pete?"

"You infernal old humbug! You know very well that it isn't a him!" Winnie exclaimed.
"And is your him a fraulin' too?" Gol asked, of the boy, comically imitating his tone. "Yah," replied the youth, laconically.

"Wal, go it, ye cripples!" the hunter said, encouragingly. "I'll hold yer hats. I reckon, though, that you can't swap the ducks of for ribbons and sich truck, but maybe ef you let lost it!" croaked the witch, me hev the trade I kin. I low I big whip the Captain Tracy felt for the world a swappin. But, what time will you be back, leftenant?"

"Not before ten; I shan't go up to the land-g until after dark. I don't care about the whole town seeing me call upon the lady," Winnie explained.

"Kinder ashamed of her, I s'pose," Gol said, sympathizingly

Go to thunder!" the soldier responded in

"I sw'ar I won't waste any more sympathy on you, dog-gone you!" retorted Gol. "And Pete, when air you coming home?"

"When she turn me out," the boy replied, Both Adair and Winnie laughed at the frank

"Wal-I sw'ar!" Gol exclaimed, after he got through laughing. "I never had to be turned out by the gal when I used to go sparkin". I allers could take a hint. All they had to do was to boot me out two or three times, and then I allers understood that my company wasn't agreeable." And the old hunter laid back and

enjoyed a quiet laugh.
"Well, as we're all three going up to the landing, let us go together about sundown,' Winnie suggested.

'I'm yer man, as the beaver said when he married the muskrat's sister," was the hunter's reply. "I say, leftenant, who do you s'pose this critter is hankering arter?"

"I haven't an idea," Winnie replied.

"'Tilda Ozark, sister-in-law to Yell. "Whew!" exclaimed Winnie, in surprise.
"You had better be careful, Pete; if you should

happen to offend that precious brother-in-law, he'd think nothing of putting a load of buck-shot 'plum into you,' as he would say." The lad raised his head proudly and a spark of fire shone in his clear blue eyes. "Me nix 'fraid!" and he drew the rifle up

and pulled the hammer back with his thumb significantly as he spoke. "Me see men shot 'fore now; dat ish good. I hit dat squirrel 'way up on tree. I gife Yell one, two six bullets he come mit me near.

"He won't give you a fair chance for your life, boy," Gol said, kindly and quite gravely. "He'll bushwhack you from behind a tree or from a fence corner, the everlasting pole-cat

"Why do you think that there is any real danger of his attacking Pete?" the soldier ask-

'Wal, I dunno," Adair said, with a dubious shake of the head. "Just afore heshot Tom Warren, and the chase wasn't so hot arter him, he used to come in nigh the landing. I s'pose I've seen him skulkin' in the bush down near the Ozark place a dozen times. That's about two miles down the river. 'Tilda lives thar with her father and mother; Forsyth's their name. I tain had dismounted he accosted him: had a talk with ole man Forsyth then, about Yell; I happened to mention that I see'd him, an' the ole cuss r'ally trembled; shook jest as if the ague had got hold on him. I asked him right out if he was 'feard of Yell and he 'lowed he was. He tole me that Yell had bin hangin round the plantation a good deal, and he r'ally feared that he was coming arter 'Tilda. O course the ole man knew that I wouldn't mention any thing 'bout seein' Yell, 'cos he knew that I allers 'tended strickly to my own busi ness, an' knew 'nough to keep my mouth shet."
"I say, Gol, why the deuce is it that you're

so reluctant to give us a clue to the hiding-place of this fellow? You know where his hole is in the swamp, and you would really be doing a service to the community to tell. can understand in war-time how such a fellow's brutal acts could be tolerated, but now he's a

a perfect terror," Winnie said, earnestly.
"Wal, you're 'bout right, I s'pose," Adair
answered, thoughtfully. "That poor Tom answered, thoughtfully. "That poor Tom Warren that he shot was a right proper sort of man, but I don't want to be mixed up in it at all. It's none of my quarrel, as the 'coon said when he clim' up the gum an' left the wild-cat and the black snake to fight it out on the

'Why didn't old Forsyth tell him to clear out and let his daughter alone? After killing one of the girls, Ozark ought to be satisfied." 'The ole man didn't dar' to open his head to him fur fear he'd lay fur him with the doublebarrel some night.

"Then you won't tell me where his den in the swamp is?"

"I sw'ar I don't know, r'ally," replied Gol, earnestly. "I suppose I could smell him out ef I wanted to, but I don't."

"After he's riddled the boy yonder with buckshot, you'll be sorry you didn't put your heel on this snake," Winnie said. Gol looked after Pete, who had risen during

the conversation and walked toward the house.
"He'd better not tech him!" the old hunter exclaimed, nervously. "It will be the worst day's work Yell Ozark ever did ef he pulls a trigger on that air boy, I tell yer!' (To be continued—Commenced in No. 181.)

## Mad Dan, the Boy Spy:

FALSE TO THE KING, BUT TRUE TO HER LOVER. A REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE.

BY C. B. LEWIS,

("M. QUAD" OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.)

CHAPTER XIX.

AT THE PASS.

As soon as Captain Tracy's little band began to retreat, the provost guard made haste to saddle up and pursue, and, as they were ready to start, a detachment arrived from the Graham farm to join in with them. The excitement and indignation were so intense that the soldiers would not move a hand toward saving any property threatened by the flames, but, leaving the citizens to battle with the conflagration, they pushed on after the daring raiders.

It was a long, persistent pursuit. Halting on the crest of a hill two miles from the village, Captain Tracy looked back over the road and aw the British troopers take his trail. The

flames mounted up until the country was as light as day, and the inhabitants of the farmhouses were terror-stricken as they rose from their beds and beheld the work of destruction. The Colonists swept along at a steady gallop, interfering with no one and making no halts, on the track.

The road running west was reached, and the gallop did not flag. An hour after the Colonists struck the mountain road, and here the pursuit ceased, neither party having fired a shot. Riding slowly down the rough, dark road, shut in sometimes by jagged cliffs, and again open for a space so that the glare of the lage. The fire grew brighter and brighter, unburning village danced across the way, Captain Tracy had time for reflection. He was wonlering what news the letter handed him by Crazy Dan contained, when the whole band were startled by a voice, from the rocks over-

"Burn and destroy-burn and destroy!" It was the old crone, Aunt Nancy. The men halted and called to her.

"She wrote the captain a letter, but he has

make a closer search, but the letter was missing. He had lost it in the village or along the

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Aunt Nancy, "the letter is gone—gone—gone! but I read it and I remember what it said!"

"Come down here, Aunty!" called the cap-tain, "come down and I will give you some "Oh! ho! but they believe what I say, they ! I'm an old witch! I fly through the air

and I wear a coat of fire, which burns up the dew and the rain!" She was descending from rock to rock as she

shouted the words, and presently her lean, gaunt form stood before the little band. They had halted just where the red glare of the great fire shot across the road between a break in the trees along the base, and as the hag came into the light she seemed a veritable old witch. Her long gray hair fluttered and waved as she tried to teach him, and he seemed to be passing tossed her arms, and her eyes glittered and along the road. What strange freak of fancy burned as she peered up into the faces of the

'Bravo! bravo!" she shouted. "You wounded some, you killed some, and you fired the town! They rode fast, but I was watching you and you rode the faster! The captain dismounted and approached, and

held out his hand, saying: "Here's the silver, Aunt Nancy; now please tell me what was in the letter."

"She's trapped! she's trapped!" whispered the crone, placing her hand on his shoulder. The serpent has coiled to strike her, and she

"Tell me more, Aunty!" he whispered, handing her more silver. "She was not in the village—where did she go?"
"Ten miles north—half a mile east!" she re-

olied, dancing up and down and waving her

Tell me more!" "Hoo! hoo! Hoo-hoo!" screamed the wonan, imitating the notes of an owl. stay—my owl is waiting—good-by—hoo! hoo!' She turned and leaped up the rocks with the agility of a panther, and, though the captain rushed after her, she was beyond his reach in a moment. He called to her again and again, but she only answered with wild laughs, and was presently beyond hearing. He mounted without a word to the men, all of whom were decorate mentions and accorded to the mention of the ment leeply mystified, and scarcely a word was exchanged between them until the Pass and the camp were reached.

The conflagration had been observed by the men left behind, and they were eager for the news. Parson Warner was as excited and interested as the others, and as soon as the cap-

"Friend Tracy, I hope thou didst not pur-Come to my tent-I want to talk to you,

replied the captain, and when they were seated he gave him a detailed account of the raid, repeating all that had been said by the old witch "I think I see through the plot," said the Quaker, as the captain had finished. "The young lady would not consent to the marriage, and the British captain would naturally feel revengeful. He has imprisoned the father and abducted the daughter, or else she rode away to her friends to escape him."
"But I can not help but ponder over the old

crone's words—'ten miles to the north—half a mile to the east.' What could she mean by

"Let me see," mused the Quaker. miles north of the village; that would bring thee exactly to the red guide-board, where the log tavern was burned several years ago. Half a mile east-up the Sweet Creek Road-would be to the bridge and a little beyond. Half a mile—let me think. There's only one house there, that of the strange man they call Lonely

"That's it, then!" exclaimed the captain, leaping up in his excitement. "She's a prisoner in that house!"

"Thou must not get excited," warned the arson; "it is not safe to believe the muttered words of crazy women."
"But how did Aunt Nancy know about the

letter—the battle in the village—the pursuit—my losing the letter?" persisted the captain. "There's something in this—I feel certain of

"There's something passing strange, I admit. The arrest of Stephen Graham would indicate a plot on the part of the British captain, but what wilt thou do?"

"Make a visit to the house you have described, and if she is not there, and I get no trace of her, I will go into the village again!"

"Thou will do nothing of the kind!" replied the Parson, " and I will explain why

He stated that the burning of the village would arouse the British to greater watchfulness than they had yet exhibited, and might recall Tarleton and his force. The enemy would now watch the Pass more closely, and make new efforts against the mountaineers, who might be driven into Tennessee after all. Orders might come from headquarters for them to evacuate the mountain and rejoin the army, and Captain Tracy must be in his proper place.

"Thou owest a greater duty to Liberty than to any thing else," continued the Parson, "and thou must remain here. I am too old to take the field, and my religion forbids, but I can go upon this errand for thee, and, if there is need to burn powder in order to see justice done, I shall not hesitate."

It was long after daylight before they ceased arguing, but the Quaker finally carried his point and it was settled that he should go. During the day he was to pass down the moun tain about twelve miles, and then, when he had darkness to conceal his movements, he would

strike across the country to the house of Lonely

CHAPTER XX. AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Webster, a distance of twenty miles.

CAPTAIN LISLE left the prison-house because he felt certain that the mountaineers had made

son had made good his word, and that her lover had come for her. He would find her father in jail, and her missing, and she prayed that some interfering with no one and making no halts, of the village people might explain it to him, and the British horsemen followed like wolves or that Crazy Dan might deliver the letter, as her departure would affect her present situation, because there would be no one to tell him lage. The fire grew brighter and brighter, un til at length its serpent-like shadows streamed clear across the floor. She watched them until near daylight, when they grew paler and finally died away.

Her own situation had hardly been thought of by the prisoner, but now, as she remembered of by the prisoner, but now, as she remembered the words of the captain, and the look which the voice steady with an effort. "I will never had accompanied them, she determined on find- marry you! I loathe and abbor you more than ing some method of escape. She knew the house, having passed it several times, and she knew that it was a lonely road, and that she Captain Tracy felt for the letter, and, to his consternation, it was not to be found. He examined every pocket, and even dismounted to and vainly exerting her strength, and then she sat down with the conviction that she must remain a prisoner until the door was opened. Her independent spirit and naturally brave heart gave way at the utter helplessness of her situa-tion, and her tears fell for the first time. Father in jail, her lover unaware of her situation, she helpless—the picture was a gloomy one. Captain Lisle had plotted well, but he would be cheated of his prey. She would neither consent to marry him, nor should he secure re When he came at night, he would find her dead.

As she sat there hugging her gloomy resolve, the voice of some one far away penetrated the house, and reached her ear. She started up and listened, and as it came nearer, she recog nized the voice of Crazy Dan. He was singing in his harsh, unmusical voice the words of a ballad which she herself had taught him, or had turned his steps that way, she did not stop to ponder, but she called again and again to him, and almost shrieked in despair as the heavy walls threw back her cries. He did not vy walls threw back her cries. He did not hear her; he passed on, on, and his voice was finally lost in the distance. Throwing herself would, and that I should smite him hard." down, the girl sobbed and wept like one who had lost every hope.

There it was again-his wild song! Some vagary had halted his steps, and turned him aside. The voice came nearer and nearer, his steps sounded on the earth, and he rapped heavily on the door, and shouted:

Wake up! wake up! the world is on fire!" She was up in an instant, and running to the "Dan! Dan! I am in here-Mollie Graham-Dan! Dan!"

'Ho! ho! wake up, I say!" he replied, seem ng not to recognize the voice. "Daniel! Daniel! don't you know me!" she shrieked; "I am in the house—in here!" "That's Mollie! that's Mollie!" he replied,

in a changed tone, and he shook the door hea-"Let me in, I say-I want to see you!" She seized a chair, and smashed out several panes of glass, and then her voice could reach him more distinctly. She told him that she was a prisoner unable to get out, and he was excited in a moment. He endeavored to kick the door in, and to wrench the boards off the windows, but failing in both cases, he ran off.
She called to him, fearing that he was going to desert her, but he neither halted nor answered. Ten minutes passed, and as she was in despair again she heard him slant a pole up against the roof, on the back side of the house, and presently he crept across the roof. Then the dust and soot began to fall down the big chimney

Her delight was so great that she seized his soot-colored hands, and almost dragged him around the room. Hope and courage came with him, and she felt that her escape was as-

"Don't cry--I gave him the letter!" said the lunatic, as he saw her tears of joy. "Oh! how the guns fired, and the soldiers shouted, and houses burned !"

"Sit down, Daniel, and tell me all about it," she answered, and he obeyed. Waiting until his excitement had somewhat subsided, she couched her language in the simplest terms, and began to ask him questions. It was a hard task to keep his mind on the subject five minutes at a time, and she was a full hour obtain ng the information desired. She finally knew that Captain Tracy and a few men had raided into the village; that her letter had been de-livered; that there had been a battle and a great fire, and then her mind came back to her

"If you will help me out of here and go with me to the mountain, I will give you a horse and a sword," she said, "and the captain will give you a soldier's cap, and lots of silver.'

"Daniel can't stay!" he answered, in a decided voice. "The world is going to burn up, and I must hurry and tell all the people!" She had some silver with her, and tried to

bribe him, but to her disappointment he was as firm as a rock. He even refused to attempt to break open the doors or the windows, and as she continued to flatter and plead, he rose up,

"Daniel must go now; he can't stay another muste! Ho! ho! but the great big world is blazing and burning, and the people don't

She used every effort of language to detain him, and even laid hold of him, but he shook her off and clambered up the chimney like a squirrel. She could not follow; and when he had descended the roof, and his voice was lost in the distance, her despair was deeper and darker than before he came. Crouched down in the corner where she flung herself when hope died out again, she hardly realized any thing until the sun began to grow low in the west. In a few hours more Captain Lisle would come and she must be ready with her plans. A coil of rope hung to a peg in the darkest corner, as if the old misanthrope who had inhabited the house had feared to hang it where his eyes would meet it. She walked over and took it down, but the touch of the hempen cord gave her a thrill. She had thought to hang herself with it, but she lacked the courage. Was there not a little hope that her persecutor would fail to come? A little hope that the lunatic would return and aid her to escape?

There was hope, and she flung the rope away. She felt braver and stronger for having conquered the evil spirit which urged her to take her own life; and as the sun went down, and the evening shadows came, she lighted the candle, and placed it in the broken window, hop-ing that the light shining through the crevices would catch the eye of the lunatic if he passed

What answer should she make to the villain's proposition when he stood before her again? She would never marry him—never!

darkness, and the recollection of his threats rung in her ears, but her nerves grew stronger, and her brave heart whispered that she could make a desperate defense.

It seemed hardly an hour after dark before

or that Crazy Dan might deliver the letter, as he had promised. She could not say that the letter or the fullest explanation of the cause of door. His face was covered with an evil scowl, and he attempted no hypocrisy.

"You have been trying to escape, but you failed," he said, pointing to the shattered win-

She made no reply, and he removed his hat

and hung his saber and belt to one of the wooden pegs in the logs. Now, then," he commenced, as he turned about, "I want your answer! You have had the day to make up your mind, and I want

CHAPTER XXI. TWENTY MILES ACROSS.

Ir was hardly daylight at the Pass before the sentinels posted on the rocks reported an advance of the British cavalry and a reinforcement of their picket post. Before ten o'clock a considerable detachment of cavalry arrived from the north, and the enemy broke camp and took a position nearer the base of the moun tain, as if determined to reopen active hostili-

'Thou now seest that I was correct in my argument," said the Quaker, as the news came in to Captain Tracy. "Thou art wanted here in to Captain Tracy. "Thou art wanted here to encourage the men, while I can be spared as well as not."

More cavalry reinforced the enemy soon after noon, and as the Parson set out on his tramp down the range, the Colonists were busy fortifying, strengthening and making ready for the threatened attack. The Quaker dared not fol-low the base road further than the spot where his humble cabin had once stood, and had entered into his first battle. He had not visited the place since joining the mountaineers, and, as he sat down on a rock and gazed at the ashes of his home, he felt to remark:

"If I should meet a friend wearing the uni-

He had planned to go on his trip without taking weapons, but Captain Tracy would not consent and had forced him to accept of a pistol and a knife. He rose up with a sigh, as if he thought of the desolated homes along the base, and pushing up the side of the mountain he gained secure cover to work his way southward. Once in a while he found an opening through which he could look down upon the scene of destruction which the British had wrought, and now and then he caught sight of a band of cavalry moving across the country The road running below him was clear of all travel, and an hour before sundown he reached the point from which he was to strike across the country. Looking down upon what was two weeks before a lovely, productive plain, he saw only a few orchards left standing. Houses Houses and barns had been given to the flames, fences torn down or burned, and even the crops had been included in the general destruction. would be a lonely journey across the plain, but a safe one he thought, and he sat down to wait

Not a living thing except an occasional bird appeared in sight during the hour of waiting, and finally the Quaker was ready to move Descending to the road, he was soon traversing the fields. If meeting with nothing to detain him he could reach the house of Lonely ster by one o'clock, but he confessed to himself that he had little hopes of discovering any thing after his arrival which would support upon the broad fireplace, and he dropped down with a whoop and stood before her. the old crone's suspicions. If he did not, he had promised the captain that he would work his way down to the burned village and endeavor to learn all about the Grahams. Step ping off briskly, and having little fear of meeting danger, the Quaker passed over mile after mile, sometimes sighing as he passed the blackened site of a once happy home, and again feeling as if he were individually called upon to

punish the vandals He had made half his distance, and was near a small hamlet called Fishville, containing about half a dozen houses, when, as he was crossing the highway in order to flank the hamlet on the south side, to evade a bad swamp, he suddenly heard the sharp click of a musket and a British vidette rose up from the log on which he had been sitting in the shadow of the fence.

"I am glad that I discovered thee before thy fright had caused the wounding or killing of a good citizen!" said the Parson, halting in the highway. He was much put out at his ill-luck, but he would not seem frightened.

"What are you doing around here?" inquired the man, in an ugly voice. Does war deprive a civilian of his right to the fields or highways?" asked the Parson. "I don't know about that, but I know that

you are my prisoner and that you'll go back to "If thou findest an enemy in every honest citizen who travels about, thou must have a hard time of it, though no powder is burned.

I thank thee kindly for thy offer to accompany me toward the hamlet, but I must decline, as I go the other way !" "I'd as quick think you a spy as an honest man!" retorted the irritated soldier, "but, whether or no, you'll go back to the reserve!"

thinking his capture nothing important. "Perhaps thou wilt undergo a change of mind when thou readest this paper," said the Parson, pulling a piece of paper and advancing with it. He had planned what to do, and as the soldier reached for the paper he received a tremendous blow between the eyes which sent him down like a bag of sand. He did not even groan as he fell, and the Parson snatched the musket from the ground, leaped the fence, and crossed the field at a hard run. He had flanked and was beyond the village before the soldier recovered sufficiently to raise an alarm.

"Thou may shout now all thou desire to," mused the Parson as he ran, "but thou wilt be sharp if thou point out the route which I took, Thy eyes will not be of much service for a few days to come, and thy experience will teach thee not to be so lordly in future."

number of British troops, but the Parson safely passed through, and soon after midnight he was at the corners, "ten miles north" of Plainwell. Before leaving the fields he heard a forse come down the east road and turn toward Plainwell, going at a gallop, but he was too far off to be seen through the darkness. The Quaker listened sharply before climbing the fence, but he heard no other sounds and leaped down and started east. He was more cautious now than he had been, and as he neared the house he became almost afraid, though why he could not answer. It seemed to him as if he would make some unpleasant discovery, but he She would not even deceive him and hope to scape by promising to become his wife. His to the hut

There was no sound from within, no light, and by creeping around the Parson discovered that the front door was open. He picked up a stone and threw it in, but there was no movement. He repeated the precaution, and finally called out. Sure that no one was within, he finally advanced, entered, and struck a light. The candle was on the floor, and he lit it and

looked around. Mollie Graham's hat and shawl were on the floor! He picked them up, and as he turned he came near falling. Looking down to see what had occasioned his slip, he saw a great pool of blood on the floor, and there was a

blood-stained saber just beyond! "The old crone was right, and I have come too late!" whispered the Parson, his face pale as death and his limbs trembling at the horrible

CHAPTER XXII.

CRAZY DAN'S EXPLOIT.

A DEEPER, more malignant scowl came to Captain Lisle's face as the girl uttered her words in a voice which told him that she would meet death before she would consent to a marriage.

"Your proud spirit shall be humbled to the

dust!" he hoarsely whispered, as he stood and glared at her. "Do you know that your rebel lover is dead—killed in the fight last night?" He wanted to torture her, but he failed in his design. Grazy Dan would surely have discovered the fact, if Captain Tracy had fallen,

and he had said nothing about it. "It is false!" she said, in reply.

"It is true!" he repeated; "and had I thought, I would have brought his head along to prove it !"

She would not reply, but as he walked up and down the floor, she stepped behind the ta-ble and brought it between them. "It has been thrown up to me to-day," he continued, after a moment; "the whole army will soon be ridiculing me on account of that

disgraceful scene, the other day."
"You plotted to bring it about!" she replied; "you knew I did not love you!" 'And I didn't care !" he shouted, seizing the table and hurling it away.

"Touch me if you dare!" she said, as he seemed about to grasp her.

She was very pale, but she looked him straight in the eyes and seemed to defy him.

He reached out, drew back his hand, and said,

n a whisper: The hour of my revenge is here!" "If you lay a finger on me, I will kill you!"

She had no weapons, but she frightened him for a moment with the threat.
"And I'm going to kill you, anyhow!" he issed, recovering his courage and seizing her vrist. She sought to draw it away, when he ilso seized the other. She uttered a piercing scream as he tightened his grasp, and he was aughing in a brutal, exultant manner, when

there came a sound as of some one walking on The girl screamed again, and with a curse on his lips, he had let go one of her wrists and raised his hand as if he would strike her, when a soot-covered object dropped down the chim-

ney.
"Save me, Dan! save me!" she cried, as she

Insane as he was, he seemed to remember all that she had said that morning, and to realize the situation at a glance. He carried in his hand a stout club, and she had scarcely uttered her words, when he leaped forward and dealt

the captain a heavy blow.
"Curses on him!" growled the villain, as he let go of the girl and retreated across to where his saber was hanging A sane man would have followed up the first

blow and prevented the officer from securing his weapon, but after striking him once, the lunatic stood like one desiring an explanation. "It's that lunatic fool!" growled the cap tain, as he drew his saber and flourished it "I'll finish him in a moment!"

He lunged at Dan, but the boy avoided the thrust, and crying out like an enraged panther, he dashed at him with the club. Shouting and striking, they swayed around the room, and the girl fell down in her fear and terror. It was wonderful how well the lunatic fought. He pressed the captain hard, but at length un-covered himself so that the saber found blood. The wound maddened him, and leaping forward with a scream, he gave the villain a blow on the head which knocked him sense-

'I've killed him! I've killed him!" shouted the lunatic, kicking the insensible body with all his might. The girl had not dared to hope for such a

termination of the affray, and when she saw the captain down, she rose up and hastily unlocked the door and sprung out, hardly knowing what she did.
"Run! run!" cried Dan, following her, and taking her hand, he hurried her across the road into a piece of woods.

"We've got to run fast!" he whispered, seeming to be frightened at what had happened, and she put forth all her strength, afraid that he would leave her. They passed out of the woods, across the Plainwell road, and had made a considerable distance into another strip of forest, when the unatic sunk down as they came to a creek.

"Dan's dying!" he whispered, as she bent

This was her first intimation that he had been wounded, and she could not credit his words until she had pulled away his coat and The men were five or six feet apart, and the vest and felt the warm blood gushing from his ldier held his gun at order arms, probably side. Her distress was so great that she could do nothing for a time, but as he began to moan and rave, she dipped water from the creek and washed the wound as best she could. She would have sought to bind up the hurt, but as she felt how the blood had soaked into his ments, she realized that there was no earthly

> "Poor Dan! poor Dan!" she sobbed, kissing is white forehead.
> "I like Mollie, I do!" he said, putting up a "I like Mollie, I do!" he said, putting up a constant her soft hair. "Dan is gohis white forehead. hand and caressing her soft hair. "Dan is going to die, but he killed the captain, and you

can go home!"
"If I could do something!" she wailed, ringing her hands. No surgeon could have prolonged his life fif-

teen minutes. She raised his head to her lap, and could only sob over his white face as she felt his life ebbing away—the life he had sacrificed for her. He was a simple, unlearned boy, The hamlet was occupied by a considerable his mind clouded in darkness, but his heroism and devotion were all the brighter and greater

Something like a glimpse of reason came to him in his dying moments. "It's a long way to the village, isn't it?" he asked, clasping her hand. "Yes—ten miles."

"Don't try to go there! Try and reach the nountain, and some of Captain Tracy's men will find you!" "Daniel, do you know me-do you know

what has happened?" she asked. Yes, I remember it all, but it seems like a bad dream. Some one was going to kill you-6 some one stabbed me-we run-we-

## BARUSOUS SURS TOURNAUG

"It was a grand fire—a great blaze, and-how—it—made—the—!"

She heard a gurgling, gasping noise, and he fell back, dead! Her tears covered his white face as she called him, but he had spoken his last word on earth.

Poor Dan! Over the valley there are no be Poor Dan! Over the valley there are no be-clouded minds groping in darkness—nothing but rest and happiness for every soul which passes through the golden gates, the simplest among men may be the brightest among angels. In after years they marked his grave with a marble slab. There was but one word-"DAN' -but the stranger who passes by and asks the quiet, simple country folk to explain the brief epitaph, will learn how they reverence one whose sacrifice could have been no greater had

"Dead! dead! Poor boy!" sobbed Mollie, as she realized that life had departed, and she tenderly lifted the head and lowered it to the sod. She could do nothing to keep his life, and she could perform no kind offices after death. The body must remain there, how long she could not say. She broke off branches and covered the white face until she could no longer see it, and then her work was done. It was midnight, dark and lonely, and she knew not what to do or where to go.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DISGRACED LOYALIST.

THE charge against him was a malicious lie. and Stephen Graham felt that his detention would be brief. Had he known that his daughter contemplated a ride in search of Tarleton, he would have forbidden it, fearing for her safety and having no fear for his own. He did not know that she had gone until the jailer came in at dark and gave him the information. "I am sorry for you, Stephen, very sorry," said the jailer, looking through the bars of the

"Why, you speak as if I were guilty of this offense charged."

"All others seem to think so!" continued the jailer. "It is a pretty hard thing when one turns about and shoots down those who believe him their friend.'

"You are all crazy, or else I have lost my own reason!" exclaimed the prisoner, roused to anger. "I defy the whole British army to prove a single disloyal act against me."

It was known all through the village that

farmer Graham had been arrested for treason, and men assembled under his grated window and groaned and hissed to show their contempt. The prisoner suspected a plot or plan on the part of others, but regarded the affair as a mistake which time would clear up. The daughter would return in a few hours, and he did not doubt that she would bring an order from Tar-leton giving him his liberty.

He was fast asleep when the little band of

Colonists rode into town and made such a brilliant fight around his prison. Looking from the window he saw every thing. His eyes rest-ed upon Captain Tracy as the fire blazed up, and he gnashed his teeth in rage that he had not a musket that he might shoot the rebel down. He had sacrificed and suffered in the king's cause, but his loyalty was yet unshaken,

and his enthusiasm unabated. When the flames seized hold of the old building and spread right and left, and the terror-stricken citizens saw that the town was doomed, the jail doors were thrown open, and farmer Graham and the two or three other prisoners were given their liberty. He forgot that his loyalty had been questioned and that his neighbors had hissed him, and he was foremost in the labor of saving property and fighting the

The flames were dying down when Captain Lisle rode up. Soldiers had shouted his name and citizens had inquired after him, but no one knew where he was to be found. He rode up at a gallop, coming from the north, and when he saw the destruction and learned that a number of his men had been killed or wounded, he acted like a madman. The conflict was over, the flames had eaten their fill, and he could do nothing. His eye caught the form of Stephen Graham as he cursed and raved, and striking the farmer a heavy blow with the flat of his saber, he shouted:

"It is this old traitor who is to blame! He is a spy—a hypocrite—a villain!"

The cry of "traitor!" was raised by the sol-

diers, many of whom had just arrived in the village and knew nothing of Graham's arrest, and they set upon him like wild beasts. "Hang him! hang him!" yelled the soldiers, and Captain Lisle uttered no word of protest. He had his private reasons for desiring to get

the farmer out of the way as soon as possible The soldiers rushed along the street with their victim, until, in the suburbs, they came to a proper tree, and a rope was noosed, and he was swung off without delay or ceremony. The deed had hardly been executed when those who went in pursuit of the mountaineers re turned, and the crowd rushed off to hear their report, leaving no one to guard the body. limb gave way under the farmer's struggles, and he came down, and his hands being free he was enabled to remove the noose. gling and gasping, he fell down half-dead, but revived after a few minutes and slowly stag gered into a field. Securing a drink from the creek, and bathing his head, he regained strength enough to go forward and escape the enraged soldiers who now had returned to the

A mile away from the village Stephen Graham sunk down in a thicket to curse and weep by turns—curse himself for his loyalty and shed bitter tears at the remembrance of the trials he had forced upon his daughter. She would come back to Plainwell, successful or unsuccessful, and finding him gone, where would she go? His home was destroyed, his goods in ashes, his money gone, and this was the reward of his devotion to his king. was without a shelter, and he feared for his daughter's safety when she returned. Sick at heart and wishing that the rope had accomplished its work, he arose to go, but where

should he go? If Stephen Graham had plotted against those who loved liberty—had rejoiced when the torch made a desert of the plain, his sufferings of mind in that one hour wiped out the record against him. To the west of him was his own desolate homestead-beyond that the mountain which the Colonists were so bravely de fending. He had hated and anathematized rebels, but the only hope he had now was that they would consent to receive and protect him.

All night long he dragged his way forward, once or twice narrowly escaping capture, hid himself in the woods next, and when daylight broke again he stood before Captain Tracy's advance picket. They took him back to the captain, and the old man became a child as he related the story of his wrongs and his suffer-

ings. "I see through it all now," said the captain Lisle! as he knew of the girl's errand, Captain Lisle's absence, return and display of brutality, "and

I pray that the Parson may not be too late." They could do nothing more than had been me. If the Parson had succeeded as well as

road or get word to her. In any case they would probably hear from him within four or five days, unless he was captured, and there was hope that he would bring in the girl with

Farmer Graham saw many of his old neighbors before him, and he went about shaking hands and begging forgiveness for his past words and deeds. The men had heard of his Ill-treatment, saw how broken he was in spirit and they cheerfully buried the past and hoped for a better spirit. They saw that he was going to be ill, and he was sent back into the mountain where he could have kind words and tender nursing. The fever came on him even before he reached the hidden valley, and for days and days he was worse off in mind than poor Crazy Dan had ever been. Only the kind care of the women brought him back to reason and to convalescence.

> CHAPTER XXIV. THE DEAD YOW.

"THERE hath been foul murder here!" said the Parson, as he looked around the cabin.

There was every indication of a terrible struggle for life and the murder of one of the parties—Mollie Graham. There was no longer any doubt in the Parson's mind that she had been trapped and that Captain Lisle had had his revenge, and the old Quaker trembled so that he had to sit down.

"There is a voice crying out in the wilderness for revenge!" he said to himself. "It is not my voice, but if I am brought face to face with the man who perpetrated this foul crime, I shall believe that I am the instrument appointed to balance the scales of Justice!"

Passing out of the cabin, he searched around for the body, but owing to the darkness the search was not an extended one. If daylight found him there, he might be discovered by Tories or soldiers, and he had had sufficient exerience to make him prudent. If he found the body, he could not take it away, and after a little thought he deemed it best to get clear of the place as soon as possible. Bundling up the shawl and hat as sacred relics which must be preserved at all hazards, the Quaker left the

place and headed for the west.

Daylight was near at hand, and he must find a hiding-place until another night would enable him to retrace his steps to the mountain. The country for a mile west of the red guide-board was covered with forest more or ess, and the woods afforded the retreat he sought for. There was no one moving along the road, and he had heard no one but the unknown and unseen rider who had galloped by

at midnight. Mounting the fence, the Quaker sat there a noment to listen. Something moved on the ground beneath his feet, and a negro suddenly straightened up, and said: "Don't shoot-I'se ready to go right back

The Parson gave such a start that he nearly fell off the fence, but recovering his presence of mind after a moment, he leaped down, and

"My Ethiopian friend, it is well that thou spokest up as thou didst. I am now about to ask thee a few plain questions, and if thou prevaricate so much as the width of a hair, I may the daring chief, "Ira, the Bandit," as he was called, and the old gentleman, with his daughter, Stella, and her lover, Major Calvin Salvator, Stella, Stella,

bury thee right here!"
"Oh! Jerusalem! it's old Preacher Warner?" exclaimed the negro, skipping about in his joy. He had often seen the Parson, and he knew him to be a good, kind man, and one who

would not betray him.
"Thou shouldst not make use of bywords and thou needst not designate me as either old or young. Give me thy name and thy reason

for being here." fled from his master, living near Plainwell, to avoid a threatened whipping. He knew all about the jailing of Stephen Graham and the burning of the town, and he was quite sure that Mollie had not returned to the village.

"Thou talkest like an honest man!" said the Parson, after he had plied him with numerous questions; "but what dost thou pro-"I 'spects I don't know," replied the negro,

dubiously "Thou knowest that I have not the name of aiding runaway servants to leave their mas-ters, but perhaps thou hadst better go along with me to the mountain and remain with the

Colonists for a time.' "Dat's what I'll do," replied Jake, and as they heard a vehicle moving along the road, they retreated into the woods to a safer place

of concealment. Daylight was not far away, and both felt secure enough to go to sleep. Their slumbers were not disturbed until near noon, when they heard the baying of hounds and the shouts of

That means thee, Jacob!" said the Parson, "I'se dun gone for !" replied the negro, shak-

ing like a leaf.

The hounds are undoubtedly on thy track, but they have not struck it yet. Move with me, and if thou keep up a stout heart, we may

They ran to the west, and coming upon the creek, they entered it and waded a distance, and then left it and entered a thicket. The

ost to hearing.
"It was not thy track which they scented," remarked the Parson, "but that of some other infortunate, who will have need of a brave

An hour passed, and as they heard nothing more from the hounds, the negro crawled out a large knife known as the "Bowie," besides a to get a drink. He satisfied his thirst, and short saber hanging from his saddle-bow, then, raising his head, he caught sight of something across the creek which made his teeth

"Dere's a man a-lyin' in de bushes!" he Another glance at the stranger displayed his whispered to the Parson, crawling back in feet incased in handsome-fitting boots, armed great terror.

The Parson took an observation, and some thing told him that death had been at work. Crossing the creek, he removed the bushes from the form and a groan escaped him:

'Crazy Dan!" Yes, it was the dead body of the lunatic The face was ghastly white, but the Parson identified it at a glance. He had no need to search for the cause of death; the red blood had poured out of the horrible wound until it had saturated the clothing and dyed the green

"What monster has done this?" he gasped, as he saw that murder had been committed. "Surely, there must come a day of retribution in which murderers disguised as soldiers will be made to pay the penalty of their dastardly

"Dat's de crazy boy Dan!" whispered the

negro, not daring to approach the corpse.
"Yes, it's the simple-minded, honest-hearted lad," replied the Parson, "and some one has met him in the woods and murdered him, Jacob. I had been conscience-stricken for done. If the Parson had succeeded as well as leaving my path of peace and religion, and on the bandits. With perf

there, he would work his way down to the burned village and likely intercept her on the and that my arm shall smite and destroy whenever it can reach a red-coat in arms! here, Jacob, and kneel with me! We have neither coffin nor shroud, but Christian prayer shall be said over this body, and it shall not be left above ground, a prey to the vultures!"

It was a strange sight to see them kneeling together in that wild spot, the grand old trees whispering softly in the wind, and the creek hushing its babble that the low, solemn words of the sorrowing Parson might not be lost to heaven. The mocking-bird swung on its branch and listened to the whispered words, forgetting its own voice for the while, and the great vultures soaring aloft sailed heavily away as they looked down and saw that they had been robbed of their prey.

"We must find some way to bury him," said the Parson as they rose up, and they began searching. Not far away an overturning tree had thrown up a bank of gravel, and the body was tenderly carried to the place. Broad green leaves were plucked for a shroud, and young branches were broken off again to shield the white face from the earth.

When all was ready, enough of the bank was broken off to cover the body, and the men, blinded by the mist before their eyes, crept back to the thicket without a word.

The trees roared loudly as the south wind rushed through their branches, and the brook gurgled and sung again to rouse the mocking-bird from his reverie in the whispering pine.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 180.)

### The Mexican Guide.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

A SMALL band of fugitives were huddled to gether in a frightened group, eagerly glancing in every direction around, as if in terrible fear that each moment would bring danger into their midst, for the scene lies in Mexico, that

land of strange adventure.

Some twenty persons comprised the party, consisting of both men and women, but of the number three were most prominent—a grayhaired, gray-mustached Mexican gentleman of fifty, well mounted and armed, and holding the rein of a neat-limbed horse, upon which was mounted a maiden of eighteen, whose closely-fitting habit displayed a form of faultless grace as she sat upright in her saddle, and eagerly glancing around her with her darkly lustrous eyes, in which dwelt a shade of melancholy.

The third individual, attracting marked at

tention, was a young man of twenty-five, above the usual hight of Mexicans, but whose dark hair and eyes, sun-browned, handsome face, and Mexican uniform, denoted his nationality, for he was a major of cavalry in the service of his country.

The remaining persons, forming the caval cade, were male and female servants, but one and all wore a distressed look, as well as one of fear of a greater evil.

It was the household of the wealthy Don Ariel Alvah, and a few hours before the beautiful home of the Don had been attacked by a ter, Stella, and her lover, Major Calvin Salvator, accompanied by a number of servants, had, after great difficulty, made their escape through an underground passage leading to the stables, where they had mounted in hot haste and fled

But a sad blow had befallen them, for Celine, the second daughter of the brave old Don. and if any thing more beautiful than her sister Stella, had remained a prisoner in Ira's hands.

There was no time to attempt her rescue, of the hacienda, and with reluctance they turned to fly, hoping at some future day to obtain the lovely Celine, by the offer of a large re-ward, while Major Calvin Salvator, one of the bravest officers in the service, swore he would take his regiment, were ransom refused, and wrest her from the bandit chief's power.

But hardly had the cavalcade ridden ten miles, when they discovered that they were pursued by a large number of the robber band, and rapidly did they ride on, until, entering a small glen between two mountain ranges, they suddenly came to a halt, for nowhere around thein could they find means of escape from their pursuers, who came velling behind them. about a mile distant, knowing that, by taking the glen road, they were shut off from egress to the mountains beyond, and therefore must become their prisoners.

Thus they are brought before the reader. Eagerly glancing around them for some chance of escape, and seeing none, Major Salvator, the Don, and the male servants, are preparing to sell their lives dearly, when an ejaculation from Stella causes them to look up, and they behold, leisurely coming toward them, a horseman of most striking appearance.

Fully six feet in hight, he was clothed in a suit of well-dressed buck-skin, delicately fringed, and trimmed most elaborately, the whole fitting his noble form like a glove, while the half-cape, drooping from his shoulders, but added to the breadth and grandeur of his graceful figure. The face of the stranger was that of a young man of thirty, and though bronzed by Southern suns, it was blonde in hounds came quite near, but suddenly bore off to the west, and their deep voices were soon silken mustache were of a light-brown shade, contrasting well with eyes of the darkest blue Across his shoulders swung a rifle of late invention, carrying seven shots without reloading, while in his belt were two large revolvers the navy pattern, and mates to another pair in his saddle-holsters. Also in his belt he wore short saber hanging from his saddle-bow, which, of the Mexican pattern, bore at its back a roll for clothing, provisions and the neverfailing blanket.

with heavy gold spurs, while in the boot-legs, worn outside the leggins, were pistol-holsters, containing two small-sized repeaters.

The horse, like his master, was a study, for, though a giant in size, he was formed like a gazelle, delicate in every limb, and black as night; ne appeared to disregard the weight he bore, as, with proud step, arched neck, and champing the massive Mexican bit, he came on quickly toward the cavalcade, who in astonished admiration were awaiting his approach.

"Friends, I greet you good-day," said the stranger, in pleasant tones, and with a fascinating smile upon his face, as he raised his broad sombrero, encircled by a chain of gold.

"Good-day, senor; yet I fear it will be a sad day for us," answered the Don, speaking, as had the stranger, in the Mexican tongue.

"How so? Ha! what have we there?—the

bandits! I see all now; you are in danger -follow me-quickly!" The stranger spoke rapidly, and, immediately turning his horse, set off up the glen at a rapid gallop, followed by the whole party, for only a few hundred yards now separated them from

With perfect trust in their strange guide, the pered in her ear:

He was whispering now, and she bent her at midnight. Failing to hear from the girl in the presence of this dead boy, I say to thee party pressed on, along dangerous paths, over small gullies, across running streams, until a mile had been passed, when suddenly the horseman dashed into a deep rivulet and turned his steed against the current, simply saying: Follow me.

Two hundred yards up the stream and the entire party, stemming the rapid current, had passed through lofty banks of rocks, and come out three hundred feet above the level of the glen, to which they had believed there was no outlet, except the one they had come.

Far below them they saw the bandits, at fault, for nowhere could they discover any trace of the fugitives. 'Now you are safe, sir; but ere I guide you

still further in safety, let us understand each other. To set the example, I am known here as the Mexican Guide, for my knowledge of the country has been of service to many. I am an American, traveling for pleasure,

and coming to Mexico five years ago, have been so charmed with this wild, free life, I can not wean myself from it. "A Comanche Indian and a Mexican rene-

gade, as well as bandits, I always shoot at sight, while I am at all times glad to serve the weaker party, and aid those in distress. "My name is Arthur Wyndham, and a mile further up the mountain is my camp, presided

over by my colored servant, whose cooking can not be surpassed; and in that camp you and yours are most heartily welcome." In a free and easy manner the American had spoken, and his bright smile and pleasant man-

ner won the hearts of all who heard him, while Don Ariel returned: "You have saved us, sir, perhaps from death. I am Don Ariel Alvah, and this is my daughter Stella, and this gentleman Major Calvin Salva-

" My hacienda was attacked by bandits, under the chief, Ira, and my other daughter, poor, poor Celine, taken captive, while we escaped, as you see, and would have been retaken had it not been for you."

"Your daughter is a captive?" asked the American, with interest. "She is." "Then she shall be released. Now, let me

take a few shots at those fellows yonder, and I will lead the way to my mountain camp. Quickly unslinging his rifle, the American, still mounted, reloaded the rifle, and rapidly the sharp reports, seven in all, pierced the air, and as many of the bandits fell lifeless from their horses, while their comrades, wild with super-

stitious dread, turned and fled rapidly down the You are a wonderful shot, Sir American, and have a most remarkable rifle," said Major

Salvator, with interest and admiration.
"Doubtless those bandits agree with you, maor," said Arthur Wyndham, smiling, as he reloaded his rifle, and turning, led the way to his camp, situated, as he had said, a mile further up the mountain side, and at the foot of a bold cliff, wherein a large excavation gave shelter to both man and beast.

A noble specimen of the Southern negro arose from his siesta upon the luxurious grass, as he observed the approach of the party, and all noticed that he was attired pretty much in the same style as his master, and also thoroughly armed, while near by his steed, a large, neat-

in company with a small animal known as the Mexican pack-mule.

"Here you are all welcome, and as I observe your servants carry clothing and blankets, you can doubtless make yourselves comfortable for as long a time as you desire to make my camp your home; but see, yonder fly the bandits across the plains, and far away to the east, just under the shadow of yon mountain, you observe the band of robbers returning to their stronghold in those mountains—my glass, Soult," and the negro placed in his hands a large opera-

she rides beside the chief, and the robbers are laden down with plunder.

"Now, Soult, look after my guests until my return to-morrow, for I go to recapture the fair senorita." 'You will allow me to accompany you, sir?"

and Major Salvator stepped forward "Pardon me if I refuse; I can do better alone; besides, mine is the only horse, excepting Soult's there, who can stand the race before him. Adios all!" and with a bound into his saddle, Arthur Wyndham darted away, and an hour after was seen from the camp to leave the mountain base, and stretch off boldly across the plain in a direct line for the stronghold of Ira the Bandit.

When the handits attacked the hacienda of her father, Celine Alvah had endeavored to escape with the other members of the family, but ere she could do so she was seized by the burly chief of the robbers, and securely bound, and in ismay she found she was a captive.

Finding that the Don and Stella, with a number of servants had escaped him, Ira put to death the remaining servants, and sending a party in pursuit of the fugitives, sacked the hacienda, and then set out for his stronghold,

carrying poor Celine with him. It was night ere the band reached the mountain fastnesses, and then they were quickly followed by the frightened party who had been so severely handled by the American.

Celine was assigned pleasant quarters, but given to understand that an enermous ransom was to be asked for her, and if not paid, she was to become the wife of Ira the bandit; and, almost broken-hearted, she was pacing to and fro before her cabin the following morning, lost in painful reverie, when suddenly a commotion was observed in camp, and all eyes were turn ed upon the strange apparition that had sudden y appeared in their midst.

It was the Mexican guide, who was dashing n circles hither and thither, at the same time erforming most wonderful feats of horseman-

At first the bandits knew not what to make of the strange horseman, and rushed for their arms, but, observing that his movements were beaceable, they stood admiring his wonderful orsemanship, and even Ira watched him with nterest, believing him to be some crazy mountain hunter.

On rode the guide in great circles around the space in front of the cabins, now standing erect in his saddle, now lying down upon the back of his horse, and then throwing himself upon the ground, rushing along with terrific speed by the side of the animal, and suddenly, with a bound, being again in the saddle.

Darting near a crowd of women, the guide uickly seized one around the waist, and while riding at a gallop, held her at arm's length, while a wild yell of applause at his great strength burst from the spectators.

Returning the woman to her place, he next seized a large man in his arms, and with prodigious strength raised him above his head while his trained horse dashed rapidly round the circle, until the frightened Mexican was again restored to terra firma.

Then, as quick as a flash of light, the noble horse was wheeled, and, circling near the spot where Celine stood, she was seized in the powerful arms of Arthur Wyndham, who whis-

"Fear not, senorita; I have come to save you," and once more the gallant steed rushed around, until, when at a safe distance, his master suddenly urged him to a greater speed, and flew away toward the steep pathway descending the mountain.

Instantly there was a wild yell of rage, the trick of the strange horseman was seen through, and, mounting in hot haste, the bandits set off

in rapid pursuit. Down the steep pathway the noble horse bounded, carrying his double burden, now across some level plaza, then up a rugged ascent, and again down the mountain side, while the speed he held was just sufficient to keep him out of range of his pursuers' guns. In this way half a dozen miles were passed over, and then the plains were reached, and

across the valley twenty level miles stretched in unbroken space. Halting at the foot of the mountain, Arthur

Wyndham gently placed Celine upon the ground, while from a rivulet he gave his horse a few swallows of water, and tightened the saddle-girths,
"It is a hard run down that mountain, and these few moments' rest will refresh him great-

ly. Ha! yonder come the devils after us; so, as soon as I teach them a lesson, we will dash on. As the American spoke, Celine gazed into the cool, determined face, and felt that, with a

man like the one before her as her protector, she need have little fear. Quickly raising his trusty rifle as the bandits

came near, the ringing reports followed, and down came horses and riders before the deadly 'Now I'll reload, and then, ho! for across the

plains. A moment more and the American was once again mounted, and, with Celine before him, was about to dash on, when suddenly from the shadow of a glen near by rushed a dozen fresh horsemen, a hunting party belonging to the robber band.

"On, Star, on! old fellow, for you have fresh horses at your heels!" cried the guide, and away, like the wind, sped the noble charger, mile after mile, while his pursuers, well mount ed, swept swiftly on in his tracks.

The night had passed pleasantly to the Don and his friends as far as comfort was concerned, for Soult had proven himself deserving the praise his master had bestowed upon him as a master of the cuisine, and the party had fared sumptuously and slept well, but then a great anxiety was upon them regarding the fate of Celine.

Cheered by Soult, who had perfect faith in his young master to do all he promised, they hoped that ere long they would see the guide and the maiden in their midst, and the morning following the departure of their new-found friend they were discussing the matter over, when a sudden cry from the negro caused all

eyes to turn upon him. Yonder comes the guide now, and at his heels are half a hundred horsemen," he exclaimed, as he pointed far out upon the plain. Then Celine is lost! My poor, poor daugh-

ter-"She is not: he bears her before him on the saddle!" almost shrieked the negro with excitement, as his quick eye caught sight of the

imbed bay, fed upon the rich food at his feet, waving dress and vail. "God be praised! but can we not aid him? Will they not overtake him? See! see! they gain upon him!" cried the Don, as all observed that, though the noble horse was strained to his utmost, the pursuers slowly gained upon him, at least some dozen of them, while the rest of the horsemen were strewn for the distance of a mile across the plain.

"Star bears double weight, and has carried it across all the miles of that plain, or else no horse would ever gain on him," said the negro, excitedly, and then suddenly he darted away, saddled in his own horse, seized his arms, and dashed down the steep mountain path toward

The eager spectators at the camp anxiously watched the rapid approach of Arthur Wyndnam, and their faces increased in paleness as they saw that only two hundred yards now separated him from his pursuers, who were steadily gaining upon him, and how they longed to see the faithful negro dart from the glen to his

master's aid. A cry from all, and Soult dashed out over the plain, like the flight of a bird, and straight as an arrow toward the flying guide, who each moment waved his hand to him, as if to hasten his approach, for once or twice had Star stum-

On flew Soult like the wind, nearer, nearer, and then with a wheel was alongside the tired horse and running even with him, and the anxious spectators saw Celine raised quickly by the guide and placed in front of Soult, who, driving the spurs into his flying steed, rushed rapidly on toward the mouth of the glen, still a mile

distant, and leaving Arthur behind them. Assured of Celine's safety, all watched the guide, saw him quickly dismount, and load his trusty rifle, and the flashes in regular order came from the muzzle, and seven pursuers went

Then washing the nostrils of his noble steed, with water from his canteen, he tightened the saddle-girths, reloaded his rifle, and instead of coming on toward the glen, remounted and rode back toward the bandits, at whose head was now recognizable Ira the chief.

"Holy Mother save him! See, father, he is going back to meet them!" exclaimed Stella, in terror, as she discovered the movement of the guide; but, as if unwilling to again come in range of the deadly repeating rifle, the bandits fell back slowly for a while, and then the guide, after delivering another volley into their nidst, which put them to flight, for their leader fell mortally wounded, turned, and at an easy gallop came on to the camp, where Celine had already arrived, under the care of Soult, and received a most hearty welcome from all.

"Do not condemn Star unheard," he said, as he dismounted, "for he would have easily distanced his first pursuers, but at the mountain's base fresh horses were taken by the chief, and yonder, on the plain where you see that hacienda, Ira got another fresh mount, and thus my noble horse was taxed beyond endurance.

The death of the noble chief broke up the bandits' stronghold, and after remaining a week in the guide's camp, the Don and his party returned to the hacienda, which, though sacked, had not been destroyed, and the wealthy old Mexican soon had it refitted and refurnished to

Arthur Wyndham and Soult also accompanied the family to their home, and three months afterward there was a grand double wedding at the hacienda, for Stella and Major Calvin Salvator, and Celine and the brave American, were bound together in the holy bonds of wedlock, for from the moment that the maiden. and the guide had met, in the bandit stronghold, they had loved each other both wisely and well, as the sequel has shown.

WE should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.





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BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William St., New York.

us, subscriptions, and letters on business, should

A. P. Morris' New Romance, soon to appear in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, will be perused with eager interest. It is a tale of varied elements of action, event and character, and as a story is exceedingly enticing. The perils of orphan life -the insanity of the burning desire for revengethe power there is in money to make people do wrong-all are vividly brought out in the highly dramatic narrative.

### Our Arm-Chair.

Chat .- Our Woman's World announces what is and what is to be in the coming styles. Momen tous news! Bonnets are to have a low, broad crown and high coronet and be bonnet or hat And are to be trimmed with currant red and dragon's blood colored ribbon. And the hair is to be worn higher up on the head-in fact is to be tiered up in stories, like a Pisan tower .- "Law, Suz!" old Mrs. Tomdoody exclaims, "be this hat agoin' on top o' that tower?" Certainly, you old cabbagehead; and we are going to have Congress pass a law that every lady shall run up the American flag out of the top of that tower, in which event the bonnet will be the "liberty cap" to the flagpole. Any thing for sensation, you see. "But the wimmen folks won't wear no such contraption?" you say. Won't they? Why, if it was "the style," they would have a live monkey on the end of the flag-pole and carry their bonnet or a ten-foot stick. The fact is, Mother Tomdoody. you have lived too long; you are a kind of terror to your girls, and will have to be knocked in the

-Speaking of the death of one of the rich men of Cooperstown, N. Y., the Republican of that place

"In the death of Mr. Averell the poor and friendless lose a benefactor. Unostentatiously he gave liberally of his means—few knew how many a dark chamber of the heart was made glad by the substantial gifts of his charity. His house was always the hospitable home the welcome extended always sincere."

Rich men rarely die to leave such a memory be hind. The gathering of riches seems to harden the heart; and, as a rule, the richer a man becomes, the less his charity, in proportion to his means. Only a few exceptions, here and there, like the above, to redeem the race of rich men from utter condemnation.

-One of the young men who earns what he calls "a paltry twenty dollars per week," writes to know what to do about it. He is in love with a girl whose parents are very wealthy, and she loves him in return well enough to become his wife but, as he can not keep her on \$20 per week he asks-must he give her up? Certainly, if she marries you to be supported in style. If you are above \$20 per week; if she is a good, worthy girl, she will not care whether you have \$20 or \$40 or \$100 per week to live on, but will be ready to work with you and for you. If she will not do that-

"The SATURDAY JOURNAL is a valued exchange, and is among the best of the literary weeklies. Its columns contain stories and sketch es by the best authors, who have helped to give the paper its reputation." The Illinois Republican says this, and it starts the query-is it wise for good country weekly to recommend its readers to take another paper than its own? Many editors and publishers heartily answer "No!" and from them the great popular weeklies receive but little favor. Another and a wiser class respond a cheerful "Yes!" for they recognize the fact, de monstrated over and over again, that it is always best, even in a selfish point of view, to encourage what is good. The popular weeklies, by their wide dissemination, greatly develop a taste for reading. Thousands upon thousands of persons become persistent readers, who, in the lack of the strong incentive to mental entertainment and in struction, imparted by the well-conducted and amazingly cheap metropolitan weekly, would have taken little or no interest in literature. The paper above quoted is liberal-minded enough to comprehend this truth, and really helps itself in speaking well of its co-laborers in the great field of journalism that may be called, with eminent propriety. THE PEOPLE'S OWN.

### A CAR INCIDENT.

WE were rushing through the country in those railway cars, and how we did wonder if we should reach our destination unharmed and sans broken limbs, when our cogitations—by no means agreeable ones, as they were thoughts of possible accidents—were interrupted by noticing a wan-looking man, clad in Uncle Sam's blue uniform, who handed us a book, which he wished us to purchase.

It was no heavy book, but merely a few printed pages, plainly stitched together, mentioning the various battles he had been in, and the one in which he received the bullets that caused him the loss of a leg and gave him a shattered arm. I bought a copy, more to help the poor man than from any enjoyment I might get out of a volume chronicling the sufferings of my poor fellow-beings. I just "took a sur-vey of the premises" to see what would hap-

The next person he offered his book to was a young miss, who had one continual smirk upon her face, as though she considered herself to be the personification of beautiful simplicity. But you ought to have seen the frown that came over her features as the book was handed her. She couldn't afford to throw away twenty-five cents in such a manner, not she! Yet it wasn't five minutes ago she spent that amount in can-Supposing the book could be read through in ten minutes, was that any reason she shouldn't help this poor soldier?

The next one addressed was a young man, who gave a shrug of his shoulders, a grunt like a hog, and a negative nod of his head. Times too hard for him to buy such things. Times didn't seem so hard but what he could buy tobacco, cigars, and one of those vile illus-

charity in his countenance; he had done his "duty" to his country during the war by making a fortune—yet not in a very honorable manner, either; how could any one with a particle of common sense expect aid from him?

But that poorly clad woman did not nod her head. Her thoughts went back to the time when her son had found a soldier's grave in Southern soil, and she could feel for others though her own heart was sore. Perhaps she deprived herself of some needed comfort as she pressed the required sum in the man's hand but, she gave him more than money—she gave him a "God always prosper you," and did not those words make his tired heart better able to bear the buffets and repulses he had met with and had yet to encounter?

When I see the many unkindnesses that daily beset my path, I feel like uttering the same remark made to me once by a little street-sweep er, whom I had given a few coppers to. "Why can't all folks be kind and good and generous, when it's just as easy as to push us aside with a

growl?" why can't we? Because we are selfish, and because we are not unfortunate ourselves, we can not see any reason that others should be so. We seem to imagine that the Golden Rule was intended for a past generation and by no means had any thing to do with us. If we believe in being charitable at all we also believe that we should sit with arms folded and let others do what is our duty to perform. Now that belief will never get us to heaven. It will make us look even more mean and despicable than we now are in the eye of God.

We are talked to and preached at, but it does not seem to improve us one whit, simply because we don't try to remedy our faults selves. That car incident might seem trivial to others, but in it there was a great lesson learned

### Foolscap Papers.

Glorious News! Atlantic Safely Crossed by the Saturday Journal's Balloon, the "Aeronauti-con," under Command of Washington White-horn. Special Dispatch by Cable to the New York Saturday Journal.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

It is with great pleasure that I inform you of the safe passage of the Atlantic of the monster balloon, which was fitted out under the auspices of the SATURDAY JOURNAL—the largest ever constructed. For the benefit of your readers allow me to give a description of this celebrated car of Aer, which was built entirely under my own supervision, as I knew all about taking flights in the air, having been tossed high in the sky often when I was a boy by mad steers, and having served my time in making cats navigate the air from the end of kite tails.

This balloon, to prevent the wind blowing it over, had a firm foundation wall of solid stone, and instead of being constructed of silk or can vas, was built entirely of weather-boarding, with a shingle roof, three stories high, and terra-cot-

ta chimneys.

A portico ran the whole length of the front, and splendid stone steps went up to the front

This Aeronauticon was fully provisioned for a year's voyage, provided it should last that long, and was inflated with laughing gas on the evening of July 32° a. p. 1873, in presence of a vast concourse of people, and one and all said they were sure that we were in danger of mak-

ing a safe voyage.

There were three others in the balloon besides myself. Each one was provided with cork a resolute, honest young fellow, you'll soon get life-preservers to swim in the air with, in case he fell out, and also a feather-bed to take with him, should he happen to fall to the ground. Three kegs of beer were put in for ballast, a eucher deck was added to help lighten time should time weigh too heavily on the balloon and us.

The following is taken from my memorandum book :

Six o'clock. The rope being cut, we sailed straight up for four miles, when, through the carelessness of Smith, who, without due precaution, shifted his quid of tobacco over to his right cheek, the balloon turned upside down, and all hands fell up-stairs, and came near falling out of the chimneys. Here we were, far above the earth in this horrible position, and nothing but my great presence of mind and deep foresight prevented the entire failure of the expedition, for I jumped out with all hands, and getting levers under the balloon, we pried it right side up again. Told Smith to be more careful next time, and we started again, with the wind blowing east at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and no stations to stop at.

Half-past six. Examined our case of scientific instruments, and found all in order except the jewsharp; but the corkscrew is missing. Finding we were just now descending too rapidly, suggested that we proceed to reduce the ballast by drinking beer; drank half a gallon each, and the balloon is now rising. North and south poles are seen very plainly. New York, as seen through the bottom of a glass bottle, looks very hazy in the distance. Evening very cool; had to order the porter to make a roar ing fire in the fireplace, and let the windows

Half-past eight. Just let a brick drop, and after waiting to hear it plunge into the sea, find we are just fourteen miles up. Balloon showed signs of turning over again when Brown thoughtlessly got his feet over too much on one side to tramp on his partner's foot as we were making scientific observations on the eucher deck, and we found it necessary to throw out ropes preparatory to climbing down in case the Aeronauticon went to pieces. Every thing all right now, and progressing finely, except these scientific pursuits, which seem to be a little in terrupted on account of Robinson, who, picking up one of the counters, insists that the last trick is his, because the deuce is one more than the ace.

Ten o'clock. Still drifting eastward, swiftly that a while ago we all jumped out, caught hold of ropes, and held the balloon back, which somewhat regulated the speed. Stars shining brightly above us. Went up into the garret, and looked through the skylight, to get a nearer view; looked through the bottoms of tumblers at stars, but found it impossible to turn a tumbler upside down without spilling contents-contents saved. Are now going to

Twelve o'clock. Awful crash; thought house had fallen down; all knocked clean out of bed; find we had run against the moon, and are among the new colors in ribbons for trimknocked a horn off; could hear the old man ming bonnets. It was evident to any but a swear like a trooper, and threatening to bring

New York; but he was persuaded to take a "night-cap." He remained.

Nine o'clock. Are descending rapidly; jumped out and tried to hold balloon back; no use lightened ballast in the kegs to no effect; held council of war to determine whether we should not all abandon the balloon. Sea in sight, and rapidly nearing; perhaps this is our last hour. rapidly nearing; pernaps this is our last nour. If I should never survive, I would take it as a great favor if some kind-hearted gentleman would pay that little bill I owe that big tailor, or the big bill which I owe the little butcher. I should be satisfied if this was done. These never bothered me till now I never knew. never bothered me till now. I never knew what a change would come over a man in presence of danger. I seal this in an empty bottle which was easy to find, and shall cast it out di-

Eleven o'clock. We were just ready to drop on the deck of a Cunard steamship, when all the passengers raised a terrific squall which checked our descent and carried us into a current of air blowing eastward, and we have been scudding along finely at the rate of eighty-five miles an hour, at a hight of three hundred feet. We have taken observations at the bar-ometer, with sugar and lemon in it, and find that we are rapidly nearing the English coast. As this expedition is in the cause of science, we have resumed our scientific studies, and Jones went ahead on the last deal with only one to go.

One o'clock, P. M. Hailed several vessels; all wanted us to drop them a line and let them hitch on, but had to decline as we were in a hurry and couldn't stop. Are now ascending with great velocity. Have just ordered all hands to get up on their feet and bear down with all their might to check the ascent, but it

ing the clouds away with long poles, and have let a long rope down with a heavy weight attached to it to pull us down; are slowly descending, but still moving eastward. Ireland in sight! Erin go bragh!

Four, P. M. Passed over the city of Cork;

took fourteen steeples off; people thought it was the Day of Judgment coming in the air: are now over the Channel; Jones lost his balance and fell out just now, but I sent Smith down after him, quick. He caught him before he reached the water by the coat-tails; brought him back all right. Are now over England and rapidly approaching London, but veering a lit-tle to the south of it. Must get all hands out and pry balloon around a little more. Shall light in front of Langham Hotel just in time for supper. All well.

Here ends memorandum. We landed without any difficulty, though balloon came down on a crowd and killed sixteen men, but they didn't say a word about it. In the language of Shak-speare, "We are all hunky dory." We expect to return the same way and shall start in a few

days. Till then, adieu.
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, Airy-naught.

### Woman's World.

Coming Fashions in Fabrics, Colors, Hats, Bonnets and Ornaments.—The Hair, Crinoline and Short Dresses.—How to Make Old Clothes almost as good as New, For several weeks before the fashions of a

ew season are announced, there is a whisper of coming styles among the dry-goods and milli-nery merchants. Fabrics are the first things that we see changing their appearance as they lie on the counters. Before summer is well over, and while her gauzy tissues in their delihues still temp the late purc more dress before the warm days are over, there is seen among these sheer materials a sprinkling of the first fall goods, and those who haster back to town before the first of September, with nothing to do but to begin the preparation for the coming winter campaign of pleasure or business, will find the dapper dry-goods clerk ready to show and sell "the earliest importations" from Europe, and first seasonable pro ductions" of the American manufacturer for fall dresses.

The impression made on my mind by a hasty survey I have made of these first temptations since my return to the city this fall, is, that while we are to have a repetition of the fabrics and colors of last winter in the new goods, they are in deeper, fuller tints, and the materials are even more limp and flexible than those we ad mired so much last season, for their peculiar adaptability to soft, graceful drapery.

Some new camel's hair goods which have been opened, show a tufted surface, the tufts being round and having the effect of polka This material is soft, silken, imme wide, and durable beyond any thing sold, for polonaises, redingotes or outer garments. Plum and a dark silver gray are the most frequent colors of this fabric. It is over two yards wide, and is now priced at \$4 a yard.

Very broad, diagonal woolen goods, the diagonals as broad as the goods so fashionable for gentlemen's wear, this summer, are to be used for polonaises, and here I will remark that this useful garment will probably be just as popular as ever, only slightly varied in form. Pol of these almost diagonal cloths, and of camel's hair cloth, overskirts of silk or of lustrous alpaca, will be very fashionable for early fall

Brown, dark iron-gray, bronze, dark Napoleon blue, blue-black, and purple-black, and the un-definable colors of last year, only darker and deeper, almost black, are all back again. Cash meres and merinos also are seen in these colors

White polka-dotted cashmeres are brought out for morning dresses and children's clothing. The grounds are dark blue or plum color, the either white or black or of a paler shade of the ground color.

The English prints for autumn and winter wear have dark brown or black grounds, with small hexagons or Greek squares in one pale color, or two shades of the same color. Other figures on these prints are small snail-shells, leaves, comets' tails, true-lover's knots, and tiny ouquets in chintz colors. It is said that the coming bonnet is to have a

low broad crown and a high coronet. It will be worn either as a hat or bonnet, but far back on the head. Velvet and felt will be the favorite materials, but pure silk and straw hats, in dark colors, will be worn early in the sea-

Current red, and dragon's blood, a dark shade of brownish red, changeable with green, suit for malicious destruction of property, but the fickle goddess, that those pale, ghostly we soon left the moon behind. It's Jones' shades, used in millinery for the last two seatreat and we go to bed again.

Daylight. Two more crashes during the favor. This season, whenever a pale shade of

tle shaking, and after that I wouldn't care whose paternal relative he was so long as he wasn't mine.

The soldier needn't have addressed that fatlooking individual, for there was no glow of charity in his countenance; he had done his countenance; the coming season

> the prevailing New York styles, I must not forget to apprise my readers that the real Parisian winter fashions are never brought out near December. The truly fashionable Parisian stays in the country till the latter part of November. Among these ultra fashionables it is rumored there is to be a revival of the short-skirt walking dress, worn with a jacket or Dolman wrap—no tunic and no polonaise. But if this sensible style of attire is worn in

> Paris, we can not hope to have it in New York before next spring. The skirts of these short dresses are to be elaborately trimmed with ruffles, puffs and flounces, and a simulated tournure drapery in the back.
>
> The hair will not be worn any lower. the contrary, the indications now are that it will go up higher still, and be arranged in a number of puffs, bands and braids, till it re-

> sembles a tower on the top of the head. So at least say my friends just returned from the French capital. Of course I have given only a hint of what we are to wear next season. The peculiar style of garments and the trimmings and ornaments will not be fully known for some weeks hence.

I will close with a hint to those who have cashmere, merino and other all-wool material, or silk dresses left from last winter, that have lost their first freshness of color, or have become soiled. Now is the time to rip up those garments and send them to the dyer's. All the faded, ghostly tints of last winter's fabrics can be dyed in full, deep shades of the basis of the old tint, and with the addition of a few yards of don't work. Are now among the clouds; and silk cashmere, merino, or velvet of the same now we are stuck between two very dense color, or black, you can produce a garment clouds and are fearful of being crushed to death.

Two o'clock. Have just succeeded in push-

Crinoline is now a thing of the past, only a very small bustle being worn.

EMILY VERDERY.

### Our Omnibus.

A very happy collocution is the following which suggests a great deal more than it says—a rare virtue! A BOUQUET OF BOOKS.

In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" "The Woman in White" Sat alone, "After Dark," one cold winter's night, Like others, she had loved, "Not wisely, but too well," "Hard Times" had come, and with fear her heart fell. Her "Fatal Marriage" with "Oliver Twist" Rose up before her, enveloped in mist, She thought, the time, the tenth of May, When first she saw sweet "Marian Grey,"

When first she saw sweet Marian Say.

They played "Hide and Seek," in "Cudjo's Cave," With "Charles O'Malley," the good and brave.

Little then they thought that "Twenty years after" "The descent of Man" would excite so much laughter.

J. B. H.

One of our correspondents, we would infer, had an uncle who would go after "bargaining," and this reminded his nephew of the pitfalls for the unwary which our police forget to placard "Beware of Pit!" So he just takes up his pen and writes us:

AN AGE OF SHAMS.

This is emphatically an age of shams, an age of swindles. Sharpers, men possessed of a goodly supply of shrewdness and a deplorable lack of honesty, are in many cases amassing enormous fortunes by practicing their wiles on their unwary brethren.

My neighbor, John Smith, takes up his news-

paper for a while at night after his day's work is done, and almost the first thing, his eye falls on a glaring announcement in the most conspicuous part of the sheet to the effect that the pitiful sum of five dollars sent to "Grabit, Takeall and Skinner, No. 9,999 Broadway, N. Y.," will secure him a heavy gold watch, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, by return mail. Now neighbor Smith is a poor man with a wife and eight or nine small "pledges of affec-

to maintain; and his wife and each of the eight or nine "pledges" aforementioned has a mouth to be filled, a back to be clothed, and a pair of feet to be shod. And Smith, assured that a rare opportunity has been offered him to better his fortune, speaks of remitting the required amount, "a mere nothing," he tells Mrs. Smith, compared with the value of the beautiful gold watch he is to receive in exchange. "But what will you do with a gold watch, John Smith?" says the prudent mother of the little Smiths. "You're not able to carry it, John. Better buy me that shawl I spoke about last week." "But I can sell it, Nancy," the says, "and buy us a cow and ever so many things besides." And away goes the money by the next morning's post. The consequence is that neighbor Smith is swindled out of his money, and Nancy has to do without the shawl, and two or three of the "pledges" are deprived of some needed comforts.

Now isn't it time that something was done to stop the constantly and rapidly increasing ide of shams? Our newspapers, whose aim it bught to be, and in many cases undoubtedly is, warn and protect the great reading public against these human sharks, are the very instruments employed by them to trap the great mul titude of gullibles. There is a class of peopl who seem to consider it a blessed privilege to e swindled, but there are those who, like neighbor Smith, can ill afford to contribute to the coffers of these unprincipled Peter Funks. Let papers reject all advertisements of a questionable character, and swindledom will m will cease M. O. R. to flourish.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL devotee "wreaks thought upon xpression "thus:

THE PAPER FOR ME!

You may talk about your papers,
Magazines, and all the rest,
But give me the WEEKLY STAR JOURNAL,
'Tis that I love the best.
It contains all that's interesting,
'Yes, every thing you need;
There's short and long stories—just the thing,
And a story by the wizard Mayne Reid.

Reid's "Tracked to Death" I think
Is far ahead of any story yet
That ever came to life through printers' ink—
My last dime on that, you bet 1
With authors like Reid, Morris and Aiken

Is enough in my opinion, now, to send all other papers out a-shaking, Or compel them to the JOURNAL to bow.

R. P. UNDERWOOD.

### THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.

THE Romans had a goddess whose name was Fides, or Fidelity—a goddess of "faith and tonesty," to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white vail expressive of candor, frankness and modesty, and her symbol was two right hands joined, or very superficial observer of the mutations of sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands, whence in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their intention to adnight, one from knocking one of Jupiter's silk or ribbon is introduced, on a hat or bon- here to the compact, and this custom is in more traied sheets that no decent person would look at. I wish he had been my brother just for three minutes, so I could have given him a gen
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#### Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors .- No MSS received that are no fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for fature orders.—Unavail-able MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in s precage marked as "book and."—also, which are imperiest are not used to rewarded. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Nover write on both sides of a sheet, Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its follow page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writters will find us experienced to the shelf of the property of th Now, while I have mentioned what will be ar writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attentio Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following we shall find room for in our "accepted" receptacle: "Tempted;" "A Beautiful Presence;" "Hope" (if original); "Eleven Years Ago;" "A Very Matter-of-fact Story;" "The Velvet-headed Crutch;" "A True Mother's Plan;" "The Wrong Face;" "Answer for Answer;" "The Robber's Trick."

These contributions, for various reasons, we must decline, viz.: "A Californian Adventure;" "The Rival Cousins;" "Our Charlie;" "Household Pets;" "A Nobleman in Disguise;" "The Night She Died;" "A Piece of News;" "The Gad;" "Patent Palls;" "The Wagoner's Song,"

CRAPE MYRTLE'S poem is most excellent if it is all her own, as we trust it is. Authors who remit MSS, twisted or rolled tightly must wait several weeks for the MS, to flatten out again so that it can be read.

Authors always should write their full address on the irst page of their contribution. An address written on ome inside page may never be noticed.

FRED B. We have no faith in the firm named, or in ny person who will do a business of the nature which we infer from your inquiry.—Your second query we do to comprehend,

CAPT. MARRYATT. "Old Hercules" will cost you 42 cents. None of Capt. Marryatt's novels are included in Beadle's Dime Novels' Series. All novels in that series are original, by the very best living writers.—Ned Buntline has written quite a number of the American Tales Series, published by Beadle and Adams. Derrick. Gold prospecting in New Mexico is a use-less waste of time and means. No gold-hunting or mining pays now but that where immense capital and machinery are interested.—For two hearty young men we should say cattle raising in Texas or Kansas was a capital business.—Ask some general ticket agent regard-ing fares.

ing fares.

E. P. H. Are eyes so cheap and paper so dear that it is necessary to put the contents of three pages on one? You should send a magnifying glass along with each MS. We will read your MS. when we have nothing else to do and our mind is inquisitively inclined.

The love sketch by Josie V. T. is very well written and properly expressed, but the story, as a story, is very commonplace. The young writer must have something original to relate—something that has more than an everyday interest in it, ere she can write acceptably for others to read. "Hattie's Visit" will do very well for a beginning.

ning.

C. C. A. We already have once or twice explained what is meant by the term "patent insides," as applied to country papers. The papers of small circulation, in order to economize and yet give a real good weekly, buy paper having one-half (the two inside pages generally) printed at some large office where a specialty is made of producing half-printed sheets. These "patent" pages are usually far better reading than the home office could supply.

PETER B. G. The new Postal Law forbids all free postage. Even the President of the U. S. is not able to "frank" matter. This is a great reform. You must prepay your postages fully or we shall be compelled to make up the deficit on each letter or package.

make up the deficit on each letter or package.

Miss B. F. G. Yes, Poe did die of deltrium tremens, induced by a sudden debauch. All the stuff written by certain sentimentalists about his "genius" driving him on to desperation, and the "cold charities of the cruel world" is the merest nonsense. Poe drank liquor for the same reason that any Irishman drinks it—because he liked its effects, which one of his "refined nature" and "sensitive disposition" should have abhorred. The fact is, if the truth must be told, he had two natures—one, his natural one, was that of a man not to be trusted, faithless, untruthful, dishonorable; the other was that of a man who was an adept in dissimulation and gallantry. This is all there is in the "problem" of his life, as every person who knew the man well must attest.

T. C. O. An experiment of fattening geese was tried some time since by cutting turnips into small pieces like dice and placing in a trough of water. With this food alone, six geese, weighing nine pounds, increased twenty pounds in one month. Malt is an excellent food also for geese and turkeys.

THEODORE L. The ancient Hebrews had the same belief of our American Indians—id est, that any child or creature peculiarly gifted was a manifestation from God, and that a beautiful tree was a tree of God. They believed in constant divine or special interpositions. A little of this Indian faith in white communities would not hurt them.

BACHELOR. To the celebrated Fontenelle has bee ascribed the saying that women have a fiber more in the heart and a cell less in the brain than men, but, unfortu-nally for Fontenelle, he lived before "brain cells" were an established scientific fact.

M. A. T. We are aware of the popular saying: It is passion that governs a man in youth, ambition in middle life, avariee in old age; but, like a great many other popular conceptions, it is not a general truth, for avarice is by no means a necessary attribute of old age.

conceptions, it is not a general truth, for avarice is by no means a necessary attribute of old age.

Jockey. That horses have a language of their own is evident, but whatthis language consists in, whether it be voice alone, bodily expression, or gesture, will be difficult to decide. It is well known that, among the wild herds of the South-west plains, and of South America, and also in the Ukraine, an orderly and political system is pursued, which clearly proves the existence of a natural language, by which they perfectly understand the wishes of their leader. In South America the election of a leader is certainly made by the whole herd, and when chosen he is promptly obeyed. Dr. Good says that the chief of a herd is generally chosen for about five years, and then a new election is held, another leader chosen, and she old commander falls back into his former place in the ranks. Sometimes he is re-elected, but not often, and never has a mare been known to be made a leader, in this Republican Horse Government! Hereby might a moral be drawn for those females anxious to indulge in petticoat government. Susan B., we suppose, after this fact becomes known, will never ride a horse.

WALTER D. The year does not consist of exactly 365

WALTER D. The year does not consist of exactly 365 lays complete, but of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 30 seconds, which in every four years makes one day nore, making the 29th of February, or leap year. LAURA. We have never before met the quotation, and o not know who wrote it; but, as it is really very beau-

do not know who wrote it; but, as it is really very beauiful, and some of our numerous readers may know the
author, we, as you suggest, give it:

WOMAN'S ATTACHMENT.

Why should she cling so fondly to his breast?—
Go ask the moss on which thy foot is pressed,
Why it adheres so closely to the rock,
Whose iron surface but appears to mock
The feeble efforts by these tendrils shown,
To fix their roots within a barren stone,
While all their food is drawn from night's cold tears
alone! LAUNDRY. You will find that a great improvement can be made in washing white clothes—but not woolens or calicoes—by adding to five gallons of soft water one-half gallon lime-water, and a pint and a half of soft soap and two ounces carbonate of soda.

Sufferer. It is asserted that common cranberry uice, applied several times externally, is a specific cure

or ring-worm.

M. LE GORE. When you feel the need of acids, let vinegar alone, and use lemons. You will find they will satisfy the craving you have, and not injure you at all. Lemons, limes and oranges are most healthy to eat, if not indulged in too extravagantly.

CLERGYMAN. Yes; excellent paper is now manufac-tured from wood. Only certain soft woods can be used —the basswood and poplar being the best and whitest in the pulp. This pulp mixed with cotton, makes paper f various grades.

of various grades.

STUDENT. The earliest written monument of modern German language is the translation of the Gospels from the Latin into German, by Bishop Ulphilas, about A. p. 360.—In France schools were first established in the sixth century, but reading and writing and bad Latin were all that was taught in them.

OLD MAID. Taking into consideration the habits of our people, human health and life are certainly benefited by drinking tea and coffee at breakfast and supper. These are stimulants which in this age our systems crave and need, and they are both stimulating and nutritions.

A. H. W. It is an old Arab legend, that Mahomet turned the crow from white to black for calling out "Ghar, ghar, ghar," which means "Cave, cave, cave," and thereby directing his enemies to the cave in which he was hiding. The English word *croak* is the Syrian name for raven.

name for raven.

J. D. W. By "Lynch law" is meant the practice of punishing crimes and offenses without a legal trial by unauthorized persons. The term originated from the fact that a Judge Lynch, in the State of Virginia, living miles away from any court, was selected by his neighbors to administer justice to criminals, and his prompt action with offenders soon gained for him a wide-spread reputation.

W. A. G. Sew a piece of sponge in the crown of your hat, and keep it wet with water during the day, and you will find it a good preventive of sunstroke. Unanswered questions on hand will appear of

#### HOPE.

BY "CRAPE MYRTLE."

- This life is a checkered valley,
  The cycle of time its king;
  And in each turn the ponderous wheel,
  Some eminent changes bring.
  To one heart gold and fortune,
  Exempt from toil and care,
  To another the waters of Marah,
  And the poison of dark despair.
- To some the musical singing
  Of soft-eyed doves of peace,
  The smiling bounty of pleasure,
  Of sorrow a sweet surcease;
  Where reared in the lap of pleasure,
  They float on the billowy main,
  And laugh at the fleeting hours,
  And welcome the golden gain.
- To another this wheel of fortune Turns frowningly, gloomy with strife,
  And withers the garlands of plenty,
  And curdles the warm blood of life.
  It rolls o'er the care-laden victims,
  Gloats o'er the pain they display,
  Lurks in each crevice and corner,
- And frightens the sunshine away.
- Ah! fortune is chary and fickle,
  And fortune is partial, we know;
  She carries the trumpet of plenty—
  She aurses the poison of woe.
  Yet there's a boon from Heaven,
  A gem of the purest worth;
  'Tis lavished alike on high and low
  Through the wide precincts of earth.
- This heavenly dower is fadeless,
  This ilex-green garland of light,
  This unclouded crystal of virtue,
  This beautiful gem of delight,
  Is known to the needy and friendless,
  As through the dark breakers they grope,
  Seductive, yet sweet is its power,
  And we call it the pleasures of hope,

# Hope follows the mourning and weary, Hope lightens the crosses of all; Hope enters the homes of the wretched, And sweetens grief's goblet of gall. Hope hangs o'er the bed of the dying, Hope lifts the bowed head of despair; Hope urges us on in our struggles, And loosens the shackles of care.

### Josie's Jealousy.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I Don't see how I can very well avoid it

Josie. Keith Evelyn spoke in a pleasant tone enough, and smiled as he looked across the room at his pretty little sweetheart.

Josie Newton was really very pretty, generally speaking; but, just now, there was an angry lurid light in her gray eyes, and Mr. Evelyn knew a storm was coming when he saw that ominous curl at the corners of her short, curved

But, like the tender lover of willful Josie that he was, he tried his best to smooth away the gathering frowns, and smiled pleasantly as he said:

"I don't see how I can very well avoid it,

"But you must, Keith, I tell you! unless you prefer going without me, which I dare say you do."

"You know I do not want to do that, dear; and I think now as I thought a week ago, that the fact of my cousin Rita's accompanying us need make no difference to you."
"But it does make a vast difference. Do you

think I'd be seen at a ball in company with a gentleman who escorted two ladies? Thanks, no! I would prefer to remain home, as I certainly shall do if Miss Rita Gordon goes with

you."

"She expects to go, Josie; she is my mother's guest; what can I do?"

Mr. Evelyn was getting just a little out of patience, and proportionately Josie fired freshly "Do just which suits you best, of course;

which is-to take this charming cousin and leave me home—no, I have an invitation from Captain Lawrie. I'll go with him." She was watching the effect her information fore-topmast cross-trees of the Condor

would have, but was hardly prepared for the burst of indignation that followed. 'By Heavens, Josie Newton, you will not go

to the ball with that man!" Won't I?" and she smiled carelessly. "If you take Rita Gordon, I do, most assuredly.' He wheeled sharply around so as to confront

"Josie, this jealousy of yours is unbearable. You know I am bound, by common courtesy, not to neglect my mother's guest. You know this, I say, and yet persist in such a foolish, unladylike

Mr. Evelyn, that will do. Good-evening." It was their first quarrel, and Josie swept past him with the dignity of an empress. Keith flushed at his summary dismissal, but quietly withdrew.

The lights in Josie Newton's dressing-room fell on a scene that reminded one of a detached slice of fairy-land.

There was the glimmer of tissues, golden and glowing scarlet; the soft shimmer of lustrous satin, white as wax; tiny golden slippers, small as Cinderella's, anklets of ravishing beauty, and bracelets to match.

And Josie, arrayed in all this glittering splendor, looked the very ideal of a Moorish princess, with her glorious almond-shaped gray eyes, and long, straight black hair.

A fanciful talma of reddish-gold cloth lay ready to don, and beside it a mask; and Josie stood, nervously drawing on her flesh-colored kids, a hightened color in her cheeks, and a restless light in her eyes.

Keith is late, isn't he, dear? it's nearly time for l'entree now." Mrs. Newton consulted her watch as she

"Keith's not coming for me, mamma. He prefers to escort Miss Gordon." Not coming? Who is going with you

child ?" "Capt. Lawrie." Josie strove to speak cheerily, but her heart

failed her, and she was not reassured at the look of horror on her mother's face. Why, Josephine Newton, what does this an? I am mortified, wounded, yes, terrified that this man-a married man, too-is to

accompany you."
"Well, where's the harm? Keith was stubborn, and I'll never give in to him, you know. Besides, Jennie Armer and her brother are go-

ing in the same cab with us.' Mrs. Newton drew a breath of relief.

"That's better; but your brother Jim shall come home with you. He's gone, or I should insist on his taking you."

There was a ring at the door, and directly Josie went down and was assisted in the cab by her escort—a tall, elegant man, in Brigand 'I thought Jennie was to be here, Captain

Lawrie?" she asked, the moment she was inside, in some surprise—and distress.
"Did not want her—did you?—prefer pri-

Heavens! Capt. Lawrie was drunk!—else why that thick, husky, almost unintelligible voice, and that shocking familiarity of ad-

Josie's blood seemed to curdle in her veins; what should she do?—what would her mother -Keith—say?

'No, you don't! You're afraid o' me, ain't

you? I ain't drunk-Just then, the cab rolled up to the brilliant entrance of the Opera House, and almost with a scream of relief, Josie sprung out and rushed to the ladies' dressing-room, where to Jennie Armer she poured out her distress.

"You shall march in with brother Will; so never mind—only, Jo, who is that splendid girl on Keith Evelyn's arm?"

Josie followed Jennie's low, cautious direction to "look," and in truth it was a splendid girl, in a trained evening-dress of magnificent amber satin, who leaned so closely, and talked so freely to Keith

so freely, to Keith.

Miss Rita Gordon—Josie knew her by intui-

tion-was not masked, though Evelyn was; and Josie knew him by his suit—a full Louis XIV. court costume.

He had bent his head close down to Rita's,

and she smiled and blushed at something he

Then, as Fate would have it, she and Will Armer were just behind Keith and Rita in the march; and then it was that her misery culminated, when she distinctly heard Keith say: "Don't forget now, Rita, a tete-a-tete supper

So this lover of hers had so soon made arrangements for tete-a-tete suppers with this beautiful cousin! Well, if Keith fell in love with Rita Gordon, she wondered if she'd always feel as utterly wretched as she did then and there, leaning on Will Armer's arm, and listening to Keith's low, confidential tones.

Once she heard Rita mention her own name, and both laughed; then the Lanciers formed suddenly, and that was all of it just then. Later, when the music and the garish lights

made her head—or heart—ache unbearably, she stole up to the dressing-room, and sent the chambermaid down to get a carriage at once for her; she leaned back in her rocking-chair, covering her face with her hands, wondering if Rita and Keith were dancing still, when a high, clear voice from an adjoining room made her

"Just a little more pepper in the oysters, Keith—thank you. Oh, how tired I am."

It was Rita who spoke, and Josie heard the clatter of spoons, forks and dishes.

"I wonder how Josie is making out? Did you notice how languidly she danced?" That was Mr. Evelyn who said that, and

osie's cheek burned. "Her brother Jim must have personated Captain Lawrie to perfection, for Jennie—Jennie Armer is in the secret, you know—she said poor little Joe was frightened half to death."

"How I wish I had gone to see her, Keith, and persuaded her to come with us; but, perhaps your plan was best. If it only cures her of jealousy. I don't know what my lover down in Maine would think if—" Josie sprung from her chair, the happy, peni-

"Oh, Keith, Keith, I'm so glad and so sorry You'll forgive me though, won't you?"

A cordial reconciliation occurred, and Rita

and Josie at once became fast friends

tent tears in her eyes, and rushed into the next

### The Specter Barque. A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID. AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.

Since sunrise he has been aloft, on the look-

out for land, and has just sighted it Captain Lautanas is not quite certain of what and it is. He knows it is the Veraquan coast, but as yet does not recognize the particular

Noon coming soon after, with a clear, unclouded sky, enables him to catch the sun in its meridian passage, and make sure of a good sight. This gives him for latitude, 7° 20' N.

The chronometer has furnished him with his ongitude 82° 12' W. As the Chilian skipper is a skilled observer. and has confidence in the observations he has made, the land in sight should be the Island of Coiba, or an islet that covers it, called Hicarou

are off the Coast of Veraqua, westward from Panama Bay, and about a hundred miles from its mouth. Into this the Chilian barque seeking to make entrance. Having ciphered out his noon reckoning, the

skipper enters it in his log, "Lat. 79 20' N.; LONG. 82° 12' W. WIND W. S. W. LIGHT BREEZE,

While penning these slight memoranda, little dreams Captain Lautanas how important they may one day become. The night before, while taking an observation of the stars, could he have read them astrologically, he might have discovered many a chance against his ever making another entry in the log-book of the

A wind west-sou'-west is favorable for entering the Bay of Panama. A ship steering round Cabo Mala, once she has weathered this muchdreaded headland, will have it on her starboard quarter. But the Condor, coming down the coast from north, has it nearly abeam, and Captain Lautanas, perceiving that he has run a "Que diablo!" he again exclaims, rubbing his Captain Lautanas, perceiving that he has run a ittle too near the coast, cries out to the man at

the wheel Put the helm down! Keep well off the

Saying this, he lights a cigarrito; for a moment amuses himself with his pets; and then, ascending to the poop-deck, enters into conversation with more refined company—his lady passengers. These, with Don Gregorio, have gone up some time before, and stand on the port side gazing on the land, and joyfully; it is the first they have seen for several weeks-inleed since leaving California. The voyage has been somewhat wearisome, for the Condor has encountered adverse gales, to say nothing of time spent in traversing more than three thousand miles of trackless ocean waste.

The sight of land, with the thought of soon setting foot on it, makes all gleeful; and Captain Lautanas adds to this by assuring them that in less than twenty-four hours he will en-ter the Bay of Panama, and in twenty-four after, bring his barque alongside the wharf of that ancient port so oft pillaged by the bucca-neers. It is scarcely a damper when he adds, wind and weather permitting," for the sky is of sapphire-blue, and the wind wafting them in

the right direction. After staying an hour or so on deck, indulging in cheerful conversation, the tropic sun becoming intensely hot, drives them down to the cabins, there to seek shade, and take siesta, the tle!"

habit of all Spanish-Americans. The Chilian skipper is also accustomed to have his afternoon nap. There is no reason and soon returns, Gomez along with him. The far his remaining on deck. He has determined latter meets the gaze of Captain Lautanas with his reckoning, and set the Condor on her course. a look sullen and threatening disobedience.

"Stop the cab, Captain Lawrie, I've forgotten something. I want to get out."

In truth she had—forgotten her dignity in permitting herself to come with this man.

"What is a state of the cabin, and enters his own sleeping-room, on the starboard side.

Before lying down, he summons the cook, and gives orders for a dinner, to be dressed in the best style the Condor's stores can furnish. It is in celebration of their having sighted

Then stretching himself along a sofa, he is soon slumbering profoundly, as one with nothing on his conscience to keep him awake. For a time the Condor's decks seem deserted; no one is seen save the helmsman, and the second mate by his side. The sailors not on duty have betaken themselves to the forecastle, and lie lolling in their bunks, while those of the working-watch, with no work to do, have sought shady corners to escape from the tropic sun. It is disagreeably hot, for the breeze has been gradually dying away, and is now so light

that the vessel scarce makes steerage-way. The only movement is that made by the two monkeys, to whom the hot sun seems congenial. These chase one another along the decks. accompanying their grotesque gestures by cries in correspondence—a hoarse gibbering that sounds with weird strangeness throughout the

Except this, every thing is silent. There is no surging of waves; no rush through the rig-ging, no whistling against the sails; every now and then a flop of one blown back. The breeze has fallen to a "light air," and the Con-dor, with full canvas spread, and all studdingsails out, is scarce making two knots an hour. This, too, with the wind upon her quarter. There is nothing strange about the barque making so little way, but what is strange is the direction in which it is now striking her. It is upon the starboard quarter, instead of the beam as it should be, and as Captain Lautanas left it. Since his going below the wind has not shifted a single point, therefore the ship must have changed her course. Beyond doubt she has done this, the steersman having put the helm up instead of down, causing her to draw closer to the land, in direct contradiction to the order

received by him.

Is it ignorance on his part? No, it can not be. Gil Gomez is at the wheel, and he should know how to handle it. Besides, Padillo is standing by, and the second mate, whatever his moral qualities, is a fairly-skilled seaman. He can not fail to notice that the barque is standing too much in shore. Why does he not see to the directions of the captain being carried out? Because he does not desire them to be so, or intend that the Condor's keel shall ever cut the waters of Panama Bay. The words passing between him and Gomez tell why the helm has gone up instead of down, and also that the latter, not the former, has been first in disobeying the order.

"You know the coast in there!" says Padillo, pointing to land seen on the port side.
"Every mile of it; at least, sufficient to make sure of a place where we can put ashore. That headland rising on the port bow is Punta Marieta. We must stand so as not to round it before evening. If we did, the breeze, blowing off shore, would give us trouble; to get back we must hug close, and keep under shelter of the land. With this light wind we won't make much way before nightfall; then in the darkness,

when they're below at dinner, we can put about, and run along until we find a good landing-place."
"So far as being looked after by Lautanas we need have no fear; to-day the cabin dinner is to be a grand spread. I overheard his orders to that effect. He intends making things pleasant for his passengers before parting with them. As a matter of course he'll keep below all night and get fuddled to boot, which may spare us more trouble. It looks like luck,

"LAND HO!"

"Not much matter about that," rejoins would never more have faith in human gratiore-topmast cross-trees of the Condor.

Since surrise he has been aloft on the lock."

"Not much matter about that," rejoins would never more have faith in human gratitude. Thinking of Carmen Montijo, the young officer has doubted woman without reason; low will make it easier, and save some unpleasant scenes in the way of spilling blood. dinner the senoritas are sure to come on deck. They've done so every night, and I hope they won't make this an exception. If Don Grego

rio and the skipper stay below—"
"Hush! That's them now, coming up the cabin stairs. Here they are-both.'

The dialogue is interrupted by the speakers seeing Captain Lautanas step onto the quarterdeck, followed by his passengers.

It would have been interrupted without this, for at the same instant eight bells are sounded, summoning the first dog-watch to its duty.

Harry Blew takes charge, Striker relieving
Gomez at the wheel; but before resigning it, before Captain Lautanas has shown his head above the combing of the cabin companionway, Gomez gives a strong pull of the spokes, put-ting the helm hard down, and brings the barque's head up, so that the wind strikes full

upon her beam! "Maldita! Mil demonios!" It is the gentle Chilian skipper who thus profanely exclaims. For he has received a shock of surprise, enough not only to excite but make

him exceedingly angry. Soon as setting his foot on deck he has looked over the sea. And shoreward, toward land in sight. Just ahead then over port side, and again forward in the direction of the Condor's

What sees he here? A high promontory stretching out into the ocean, which at a glance he identifies as Punta Marieta. He knows the headland well; but he also knows it should not

eyes to make sure they are not deceiving him, then following the exclamation with an inquiry addressed to the helmsman:

"What does this mean, sir? You've been keeping too close in shore. The very contrary to what Leonmanded."

to what I commanded." Then rushing aft to the wheel, he again or

Striker obeys and puts the "helm down," bringing the barque as close to the wind as she Then the skipper, turning angrily upon him, demands to know why the mistake has been

The ex-convict, himself not comprehending why, answers in the same strain. In blur speech he tells Captain Lautanas the truththat he has just taken the spokes in hand, and knows nothing of what has been done before. He is keeping the Condor on the same course she was on when he took her from the last

steersman. "Who was it?" thunders the skipper, "Gil Gomez," gruffly replies Striker.
"Yes, it was he," says the first-mate, who

has come aft along with the captain. "The afternoon watch was Padillo's, and Gomez had the last trick at the wheel "Where is he?" asks the skipper, still sur-

prised and excited. Gone forward; he's down in the forecas

'Call him up! Send him to me!" A sailor glides forward along the gangway

"How is this?" asks the Chilian. "You had the wheel during the last watch. Where have you been running to?" that when we would be leaving her. How then? Besides, other ships would have the chance of spying us in that critical moment. 'In the course you commanded, Captain

"That can't be, sir. If you'd kept her on as I'd set her, that land wouldn't have been there, lying almost below our cutwater. I understand my chart too well to have made such a mis-

"I don't know any thing about your chart," sulkily rejoins Gomez. "All I know is that I kept the barque's head as directed. If she hasn't answered to it that's no fault of mine, and I

don't much like being told that it is."

The puzzled skipper again rubs his eyes, and takes a fresh look at the land. He is as much mystified as ever. Still the mistake may have been his own, and, as the relieved steersman appears confident

it is, he dismisses him without further parley or reprimand Seeing that there will be no difficulty in yet

clearing the point, his anger has cooled down, and he is but too glad to escape from an imbroglio, so averse to his pacific disposition.

Soon the Condor, hauled close to the wind, regains her lost weatherway; sufficient for the doubling of Punta Marieta. And before the

last bells of the second dog-watch are sounded she is in a fair way of weathering the cape. The difficulty has been removed by the wind veering suddenly round to the opposite point of the compass. For it is now near night, and the land breeze has commenced blowing off

Well acquainted with the coast, and noting the change of wind, the Chilian skipper knows that all danger is past. With confidence and restored cheerfulness he returns to the cabin to rejoin his fair passengers, and preside at the dinner table, which on their account is this day to be so richly and proudly provided.

#### · CHAPTER LIV.

PANAMA OR SANTIAGO?

THREE bells of the second dog-watch are sounding as Captain Lautanas goes down to take his seat at the dinner table. Shortly after is disappearance from the quarter-deck the sailors are seen assembling on the fore.

Soon they become grouped around the man-er-board, close up to the knight-heads. The gathering comprises the whole crew-mates and men; all except him having charge of the helm. It is one of the nameless sailors

who is now steering. By the time all these get together it is eight o'clock, and the dog-watch ends. This night no bell announces its termination; nor is any struck to summon the first watch on deck They are there already in contemplation of a deed very different from their ordinary duties. For the muster round the manger-board has reference to their scheme of plunder now nearing

he hour of execution. The general plan is already before them; understood and agreed to. They have only to deliberate about the final details.

Considering the dire scoundrelism of their design, it is painful to see the first mate, Harry Blew, in their midst. An American sailor, better might be expected of him, to say nothing of an old man-o'-war's-man. But he is there; and not only taking part with them, but apparently acting as their leader. His speech too clearly shows him to be chief of the conspiring crew. His actions also ever since the day when he sig-nified his desire to join them. After entering into the conspiracy, he has shown an assiduity worthy of a better cause. His first act in backing up Striker for an equal division of the booty gave him eclat; and the zeal since displayed by him has increased his popularity, so that he now holds first place among the pirates: the

greater number acknowledging his authority. If Edward Crozier could but see him now, he witnessing the behavior of Harry Blew he

might curse man with good cause. Well for the recreant sailor, Crozier is not present to see and hear him. If he were, there

would be quick death to a traitor.

The young officer is far away, a thousand miles of trackless ocean between—little dreaming of the design that threatens her to whom he has given his heart and promised hand. Harry Blew is standing in the midst of men plotting ruin to her and hers!
Oh, man! Oh, American sailor! Where is

your gratitude? What has become of your honor—your oath? The first gone, the second disregarded, the last lewdly broken! Soon as together the pirates enter upon a dis-

cussion; the question being about the place where they should land. Upon this point there s difference of opinion. Some are for going ashore at once, on the coast in sight. Others want to run on till they enter Panama Bay. At the head of those in favor of the latter course is the chief mate, who gives his reasons

"By running up into the Bay o' Panyma we'll get closer to the town, and it 'll be easier to reach it after we've set foot ashore. Now, Panama bein' a seaport, and plenty o' vessels sailin' from it, we'll be able to go, every man his own way. Them as wants can cross over the Isthmus, an' off on t'other side. An' Panyma bein' a biggish place, besides now full o strangers goin' to Californy, an' some comin' back, we'd be less likely to get noticed in the While if we land on the coast here crowd. where there ain't no good-sized town, but only some bit o' fishin' village, or the like, we'd be a marked lot, an' run the risk o' bein' took up an put into one o' thar prisins. Just possible too we might land on some part that's inhabited by wild Indyins, an' lose not only the shinin' stuff but our scalps. I've heard say thar's the worst lot o' savages livin' along the coast here. An' supposin' we should meet neither Indyins nor whites, but find we'd chanced ashore in a wilderness covered wi' wood, we might have trouble in makin' our way anywhere. Them thick forests o' the tropics ain't so easy to travel through. I've know'd o' sailors as were cast away perishin' in one afore they could reach any settlement o' civilization. My advice, shipmates, is for us to take the barque on into the bay, an' when we've got near enough the port, to make sure o' bein' able to reach, then lower our boat, an' put in for the shore; Panyma Bay's big enough to give us plenty choice o' places for what we intend o' doin'."

"We've heard you out, Mr. Blew," rejoins Gomez. "Now let me say in answer, you haven't given a single reason for going up the bay that mightn't stand good for doing the very opposite. But there's one worth all you have mentioned, and it's against you. While run ning into Panama Bay we may meet a score of other vessels coming out, we'd be almost sure to do that. And supposing one of them to be a man-of-war—a British or American cruiser say-and she takes it into her head to overhaul

us, where will we be then?"
"An' if they did, what need for us to be afeerd? Seein' that the Condor's papers are all ship-shape, they'd have to leave us as they found us. Let them overhaul an' be blowed!" They mightn't leave us as they found us for

As I've said, your other arguments are wrong, and I'll answer them in detail. But first let me tell you all, I've got a pretty accurate knowledge of the coast all along here. I ought to have, considering that I spent several years on and off it, in business which goes by the name of contraband. Now, all around the shores of Panama Bay, there's just the sort of forest-covered country Mr. Blew talks about getting strayed in. We might land within twenty miles of the port, and yet not be able to reach it without the greatest difficulty. Danger, too, from the savages our chief mate seems so afraid of. Whereas by putting ashore anywhere along here we won't be far from the old Nicaraguan road that runs all through the Isthmus. It will take us to the town of Panama, any that wish to go there. But there's another town as big as it, and better for our purpose, one wherein we'll be less likely to meet the unpleasant experiences of being arrested and imprisoned, not to speak of something still more disagreeable. The place I'm speaking of is Santiago, the capital of Veraqua, which isn't over four days' jour-ney from the coast. And we can get to it by an easy road. But that's not the thing of greatest importance. What most concerns us is the safety of the place we steer to. I can answer for the old town of Santiago. Unless customs have changed since I used to trifle away some

lows who'll show hospitality. With the money at our disposal—ay, the tenth part of it, I could buy up the alcalde of the town, and every judge in the province of Veraqua." "That's the sort of place for us—the very place!" exclaims a chorus of voices. "Let us

time there, and people too, we'll find some fel-

steer for Santiago!" "We'll have to put about, and run along the coast till we find a fit place for landing."

"Yes," rejoins Harry Blew, speaking satirically, and as if exasperated by the majority going against him. "An' if we put about here, we'll stand a good chance o' going slap on them rocks. Thar's a line o' breakers all along shore far's I can see. How's any boat to be got through them? She'd be bilged to a sart'inty." "There's breakers, as you say," admits Go-

mez, "but their line doesn't run all along. remember many openings where either boat or ship can safely pass through. We must look out for one of them."

"Vaya, camarados!" exclaims the second ate; "we are wasting time which just now is valuable. Let's put the barque about, and stand along the coast of Veraqua. That's what Gil Gomez proposes, and I second it. If you like we can put it to a vote."
"No need; we're all agreed to it."

"Well, shipmates," says Harry Blew, seeing himself obliged to give way, and conceding the

point as gracefully as possible, "if you're all in favor o' landin' along here, I ain't goin' to stand out against it, since it's all the same to me—only I thought, and still think, we'd be better by runnin' into Panyma Bay." "No, no; Santiago's the place for us—we've decided to go there." "Then to Santiago let's go. An' if the barque's to be put about, I tell ye there's no

time to be lost, otherwise we'll go sure into them breakers. As yit, I dare say we can man-age to scrape clear o' them, the more likely as the wind's been shiftin' an's now off shore. It'll be a close shave for all that." "Plenty of sea-room," says the second mate. Let's about ship at once!"

"You see to it, Padillo!" directs Gomez, who, from his success in having his counsel adopted, seems all at once to claim command. The second mate glides aft, and going to the

helmsman, whispered a word or two in his

Instantly the helm goes up, and the barque, paying off, wears round from east to west-nor'-

vards and trim her sails for the altered course. executing the maneuver, not as is usual, with a chorusing chant, but silently, and as if the ship were a specter, and they ghosts composing her

### CHAPTER LV.

GETTING READY FOR ACTION.

Soon as the Condor stands on her changed course, her crew re-assembles on the fore-deck to concert further measures for carrying out their scheme. It is already understood that they are to run

along the coast till they discover a gap in the line of coral reef, which causes breakers. found, they will lower a boat, then scuttling the barque, and abandoning her, tow themselves The first part of this programme is now in progress, the clear moonlight favoring its execution. They are standing along shore in a course parallel to its trend. A dark band be-tween sea and sky denotes the facade of a bold,

rocky cliff, continuous along the horizon. Here and there it rises into hills, one seen ahead having the dimensions of a mountain. The barque is about a league's distance from land; and half-way between, the breakers show their white crests, their roar sounding ominous-

ly through the calm quiet of the night. The vessel making but little way—only two or three knots an hour—it is proposed that the boat be let down at once, and every thing put

into her. On such a tranquil sea it will tow alongside in perfect safety. As this will be so much work in advance, the measure is approved of; and the men, scatter-

ing, proceed to its execution. The pinnace is selected as the most suitable boat for beaching. Forming in a row by its side, two leap lightly into it, insert the plug, ship the rudder, receive oar and boat-hooks, clear the life-lines, and cast off the lanyards of the gripes. The others holding the fall-tackles in hand, see that they are clear for running.

Then taking a proper time, they lower away.

As soon as the boat's bottom touches the water, the two men in it, hauling upon the painter, whose loose end has been left on board, bring the boat abeam, and make fast under a set of man-ropes already let over the side. Other movements follow; the men passing

to and fro between the forecastle and companionway, carrying canvas bags, their sea-kits, bundles of clothes, and such other of their belongings as they deem necessary for a de-barkation like that intended. Some loose provisions, with a "beaker" of water are also brought, and handed down into the boat; also a keg containing rum, and a basket with bot-

The miscellaneous providing is not meant for a voyage; only a stock to serve for the night, which they will have to spend upon the beach, or some spot contiguous, with a surplus for the land-journey, to be commenced in the morning.

In silence, but with no great show of stealth, are all these movements made. They have but little fear of being detected, and some scarce care if they be. The only danger is from the darkey, and this not much. After dressing the dinner and serving it, he has ceased to act as cook, and now performing the metier of As the time when they took it into steward, keeps nearly all his time in the cabin, their heads to board the barque might be just | waiting on the guests at table. Only at long in

tervals is he seen on deck, and then staying but

While he is up, the pirates suspend opera tions, and stand innocently idle, resuming them as he again goes below.

Over an hour is spent in these insidious preparations, which are at length complete. Every thing has been got into the boat, except that which is to form its most precious freight And now the piratical crew again come to gether to consult about the final step, for the

time to take it is rapidly drawing nigh.

It is one so serious as to make the most hardened among them shrink from taking the in itiative, for it is the disposal of those destined

as the victims of their villainy. The general intention is understood by all, and has been tacitly determined already. The senoritas are to be seized, and taken on shore; the other three to be dealt with in a differen

About the abduction there is no difference of opinion; the scoundrels are unanimous. Wil ing or not, the girls must go with them, whi ther or for what purpose, no one has yet named Only, there exists a sort of tacit understanding that they are to go with Gomez and Hernan dez, these two having all along shown a predi-lection, and asserted a claim, which none of the

others have disputed.

How to deal with Don Gregorio, the skipper, and cook, is deemed a more delicate question since these are to be disposed of in a way that comes home to the conscience of those who

For a time they stand silent, waiting for some one who may summon courage to speak.
There is one who can do this, a ruffian of unmitigated type, in whose breast stirs not the slightest throb of humanity. It is the second mate, Padillo.
Breaking silence, he says:

Let us cut their throats, and have done with it.'

Despite its laconicism, and the hardened auditory to whom it is addressed, the horrid proposal does not find favorable response. veral speak in opposition. Harry Blew first, and loudest. Despite his broken word and forfeited faith, the old man-o'-war's-man is not so abandoned as to contemplate murder thus coolly. Some of those around him may have already committed this crime; but he does not

Opposing Padillo's counsel, he says:
"What need for our killin' them? For my part I don't see any.'

"And for your part what would you do?" sneeringly retorts the second mate. "Give the poor devils a chance for their lives, an' let 'em go."

"How let them go?" asks Davis. "Why, set the barque's head to sea. As the wind's off the shore she'd soon carry them be-

yond sight o' land, an' we'd never hear another word about 'em.'

"No, no! that won't do," protest several, in the same breath. "They might get picked up, and we'd hear too much about them."

" Carrai!" ironically exclaims Padillo, "that would be a wise proceeding! Just the way to get our throats in the garota. You forget that Don Gregorio Montijo is a man of the big grandee kind. And should he ever set foot ashore, after this, he'd have influence enough to make every spot of earth too hot to hold us.
There's an old adage about dead men telling
no tales. Maybe some of you know it to be a true one? Take my advice, camarados, and let us act up to it. What's your opinion, Senor

There is a way between I'd recommend, that'll spare us doing so."
"What way?" demand several voices.

us, Gil Gomez!

"Oh! it's simple enough; you must all have thought of it, as well as I. Of course we intend sinking the ship. She's not likely to go down till we're a long way off—in all likeli-hood out of sight. We can leave them on board, and let them go quietly down along

To this humane compromise several signify their assent; more swayed by its cleverness

Not so Padillo: the inhuman monster, to

whom killing seems congenial, sticks to his text, and makes reply by repeating his proposal. How are we to help it?" he asks, with an air of naivete, under the circumstances ludi-"The skipper will be sure to resist, and so will the old Don. What then? We'll be compelled to cut their throats, knock them on the head, or pitch them overboard. For my part I don't see the object of making such her about it. I still say, let's slip their wind at once!"

Dash it, man!" cries Striker, hitherto only a listener, "you Spanish chaps 'pear to hev a ugly way o' doin' bizness in a job o' this sort. the Australian bush we ar'n't so blood-When's we stick up a chap theer, so long's he don't cut up nasty, we settle things by splicin' him to a tree, an' leavin' him to hi meditashins. Why can't we do the same wi' the skipper an' the Don, supposin' 'em to show

That's it!" exclaims Davis, indorsing Striker's proposal; "my old chum's got the right idea of sich things. Let's do as he says!"

'Beside," continues the ex-convict, "this bizness seems to me simple enough. want the swag, an' some may want the weemen. Well, we can get both ithout the needcessity o' doin' murder. As Gomez say, let 'em go down wi' the ship."

Striker's remonstrance sounds strange-under the circumstances serio-comic.

"What might you call murder?" mockingly asks Padillo. "Is there any difference between their getting drowned and having their breath stopped by a blow? Not much to them, I take it; and no more to us. If there's a distinction, it's so small I can't see it. Car-

Whether you see it, or not, then," interferes Harry Blew, "Striker's right; an' for myself, as I've already said, I object to spillin' blood, when the thing isn't absolute necessary By leavin' 'em aboard they may get drowned as you say, Senor Padillo. But it'll keep our hands clear o' the red murder."

That's true!" shout several. "Let's take the Australian way of it, and tie them up.' The assenting voices are nearly unanimous and Striker's compromise is carried.

Thus far every thing is determined. It only remains to talk of some details of action, and apportion to every one his part.

For this very few words suffice. It is ar-

ranged that the first mate, assisted by Davis, a sort of ship's carpenter, shall see to the scuttling of the vessel. Gomez and Hernandez are to take charge of the girls, and get them into the boat, as they best can; while Padillo is to head the party intrusted with the seizing and

In fine the hellish plan is complete, and the moment of action near ! (To be continued-Commenced in No. 172.)

THE STAR OF DESTINY.

BY AMORITE.

In weal or woe, where'er we go, O'er seas and lands afar, Oh, have we not one glowing spot, Our faithful Polar star, Our guiding, guarding star?

When storms arise, and cloudy skies Obscure our onward track, And envious spleen with malice kee Would turn us sorrowing back— Would drive us madly back—

The sparkling still our stars fulfill
Their hopeful missions to us,
And bid us dry the tearful eye,
Showing bright visions to us—
Opening sweet visions to us.

When glory bright illumes your night, And wealth and honors too, Still ne'er forget the star that yet Shines twinkling out for you— Shines sparkling bright for you.

Select one: fair, with chestnut hair.
And sparkling, soul-lit eye,
And trust thy soul to her control,
'Tis thy star of destiny.
Bright star of destiny.

I know it well, I've felt the spell;
'Tis hope's resistless power,
To think that she is watching thee,
And aiding every hour—
And guarding every hour. And when before the parson's door
Thy traant step shall tarry,
Then let that fair go with thee there,
'Tis her that thou shouldst marry—
No other shouldst thou marry.

Then o'er thy life thy star-like wife Shall cast a ray serene, And by thy side whate'er betide, Shall still for aye be seen— Shall always there be seen.

### The Creole Wife: THE COUSIN'S SCHEME.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON. AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED
"STRANGELY WED," CECIL'S DECRIT," "MADAME
DURAND'S PROTEGES," "THE FALSE
WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

HEART OR MIND? Our beyond the flowering screen and acros the stretch of open lawn walked Mrs. Leland and the man who had once exercised a very powerful influence in deciding that part of her future which had since become her past. The golden sunset streamed down everywhere about, touching the tall heads of the maple trees which fringed the outskirts of the grounds. lying, a mellow flood, on the open sward, min gling with the tremulous shades of the shrub bery, and gilding the grim, dark walls and nar row windows of the Homestead until for once

they were burnished to very brightness.
"Such a noble old patriarchal domain! such
' turrets and domes and serried walls'—to give the imagination a trifle of license! such acres upon acres, not to say miles upon miles, of fertile fields and productive forests! No wonder you covet some interest in the reversion of the same, Darcy. I only wonder that, with your shrewd tact and facility for rendering black into white, you have not succeeded in getting at least a very fair share of it into your clutches —I only wonder that the estate has remained intact so far."

Mrs. Leland threw a little spiteful sneer into Gomez?"

"Aly opinion," responds Gomez, now speaking for the first time, "is that there's no need for any difference in yours. Mr. Blew's against the spilling of blood, and so am I. Still we can't let them off as he counsels. That would be something more than madness; it might be something more than madness; it might be of hers in times past how well she had read him.

> You credit me with too flattering abilities, he answered. "Much as I am inclined to merit your confidence I must disclaim the possession of such effective attributes.'

"You are too modest by far, but then true merit always is retiring. I should not suppose you would disclaim the ability of effecting any thing earthly after some instances I might cite. A man who can prevent one marriage, effect another, and annul still another, without the willing cooperation of any of the parties most interested, ought surely to stop at no small odds in gaining the one desire which has been paramount with him all his life. I repeat, I wonder that you have not found means to gain it before this. I wonder that no second will was ever unearthed of that I-cling-to-the-home of-my-fathers' Casselworth of three generations back, or that the studious present head has not been encouraged to experimenting in chemicals to the detriment of his laboratory and the grief of the next heir. The existence of an heiress cenders the last suggestion rather out of place. but I use them both as illustrative can wonder your fertile genius should fall back to the old hackneyed plan of 'my son and your daughter shall wed, shall wed.' It is very desirable, I dare say, to keep the family name alive and the family acres concentrated, but you may find it not at all the same to have all you covet go down to the next generation. bert may be a dutiful son and yet not so amenable to sweet persuasion as the present master of the Homestead.

'My dear Mrs. Leland, I have renounced ambition on my own score. As you hint, this thing of waiting for 'dead men's shoes' is a very uncertain and tiresome business, especially when the shoes promise to be so near one's own fit. Whatever attraction the rent-rolls might have had once upon a time, they are not to be considered potent now. I have no need to envy even my cousin Elmer his very respectyearly income; regarding my desire to see Gilbert succeed, that is another thing."

"Then it is all true, this story people tell, that you are a second King Midas, whose touch has turned every thing into gold. Take care, Mr. Darcy Casselworth! Riches have a faculty of taking wing, you know, and the speculator' board may not prove more certain in the end than you found the green-table of old. I be lieve if I had any deep-rooted, lingering ill-will against you, I shouldn't crave surer vengeance than might be brought about by the delirium which is very apt to attend such gambling upon a mammoth scale.'

"Your warning proves that you are not so averse to me, Faustia. Not so averse," leaning forward and looking fairly into the striking face, "but you might wish me well instead of ill in any cause I may undertake. I have been speculating to myself since the night you came ere, less than a week ago, how differently all our lives might have run had the wealth which has come to me since been mine twenty years ago. Howlit is possible they may run smoothly yet that it is mine now!"

The gray eyes looking mockingly back into his did not waver; it was very long since Faustia's eyes had wavered before any gaze; her countenance, wearing the superficial smile habitual there, did not change; yet, down in the woman's heart was a little thrill which was not sufficiently defined to be joy, or hope, or done belief in him—the last least of all."

"Upon my word, Faustia, you take it very coolly now. Who would suppose that you had ever been willing to throw over a heart and a fortune for the sake of a little youthful folly? Could old remembrance be revived—what then,

"What then, Mr. Casselworth? Scarcely such a 'slip'twixt cup and lip' as took place on a former occasion." There was a smoldering spark in the gray eyes now, a natural glow out spreading the vermilion on cheek and lip. " hope I have outlived the folly and impressibility of our mutual remembrance. I think—I really think-that not even for you would I throw aside the chance of reigning in the purple or taking the golden elixir for my daily draught should it be offered now. That very slight questioning grimace and mocking smile are quite thrown away; I am well aware as you can be that the chance never will be offered again. But, if it were possible for that episode of twenty years ago to be repeated, I fancy it would come nearer a case of 'diamond cut dia would come nearer a case of diamond cht dia-mond' than at that date. I question now if all the fond sentimentality you professed then were not like your promises, from the lips only. I was simply Faustia, a rather clever little nobody, whose talent in the way of amateur acting brought out as a star at Mrs. Glenhaven's private theatricals, and Elmer Casselworth was the owner of one of the finest old family estates in the country. You, as his cousin, had an eye to the maintenance of the family pride, and a good deal keener eye, as I have reason to believe now, to the succession of that estate in case of his dying unwedded or without an heir. To prevent him falling victim to the wiles of the adventuress, which was your way of putting a man's honest love for a poor but ambitious girl you made covert overtures on your own account. You found the little adventuress too wide awake regarding her own interests to be easily misled by the non-committal course you began by pursuing. You ended by very earnest love-making indeed, as you can imagine it must have been to have touched depths which your cousin's honest wooing, backed by all the substantial allurements which accompanied it, had not accomplished. I consented willingly enough when you proposed a private marriage, still consulting that exacting myth—family pride. I was far enough infatuated—it seems strange to confess it now—to yield to you in every suggestion. gestion. So when you proposed a romantic midnight marriage and flight afterward until the nine days' wonder should be passed, I was enchanted with the prospect. We met and the programme was carried out to the letter-as I upposed. Two of your cronies were admitted to your secret, and, as you spoke of disguises, we were all muffled to the eyes so that to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the

"As you have done, Faustia; as you did of hers in times past how well she had read him through, inscrutable and unreadable as his outer aspect and inner life might be to the world at large.

of hers in times past how well she had read since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest resident to fully digest them. The communication may have been calculated to unsettle his comprehensive powers, so unexpected was the line he perused, and then stood silently crumpling between his fingers: straint upon my own promptings led me to break my part in the plan. You were an un-commonly attractive girl, Faustia, you are an uncommonly handsome woman still, and by "Which may well be spared, considering all

ed the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little

that it led to. "But, suppose it should lead to more? I am not hampered now with considerations for the

future as then.' "Suppose! Suppose we leave sentiment for those two young people whose forms may be dimly descried at the further side of the grounds. I think I saw a determination in Gilbert's eye. It looked as though he did not mean to let grass grow under his feet. I have been watching their positions over yonder and imagine that he is speeding his wooing with all a young lover's impetuosity. As seen 't a glass darkly,' what is the result to be?

What should it be but a happily desirable termination? Gilbert is choosing wisely, and he is enough of his father's son-not to appear egotistical-to base calculations on a sound

'Three is a charmed number, Darcy. have had a hand in three marriages and their result, and turned them to your own liking. I have a presentiment that you will fail with the No, don't look at me as if you were fourth. fancying that I have an idea of turning man I leave that respectable vocation to interested relatives, Italian counts and jealous lovers But, our little lady may be presumed to have a will of her own; the blood in her veins would insure that without the resolute stamp she car ries in her face. And from what I saw in the single hour I've had an opportunity to devote to the investigation, she is not inclined to stoop for the choice our traveled young gentleman is reconciled to lay at her feet. Take my word for it, Darcy, you have more cutting of the cards to do before you hold that game quite in your hands'

Umph! well, it is not a matter of life and death if it should fail, though, as you say, I have set my heart—ah! mind upon it"—a deprecating gesture from her recalling the word. "A wise distinguishment, Mrs. Leland; we do away with the weightier impulses of the heart before arriving at my age.

"I think you never knew such," she answer ed, a little bitterly. "Weighty impulses never came from your heart. Did you see that Audrey has gone like a flash, and the impetuous lover walks the shadowy paths alone. What does that portend, think you? It is scarcely the denouement for a favored lover's

"I think it is an indication that you and I have fallen into the error of taking an inference for a conclusion. Audrey, like a sensible child, has gone in to escape the dew already falling; Gilbert is staying out to enjoy his cigar and solitary reflection."

'Which you would like to render compan ionable - that dreary yawn says as much, though you are by far too civil to hint the fact in Go, by all means, Mr. Casselworth. shall follow Audrey's extremely sensible example, and succeed it by cultivating the dear child's society—I won't say confidence, since I have an impression that may be less easily

She walked away, and Darcy Casselworth's

to know he can turn such a queenly creature to his will—yes, queenly and deucedly attractive in a way, in spite of the enamel and the 'rosy hue' which is not the tinge of glowing health—or by the aid of them perhaps. What Faustia has not preserved in the way of good looks, she has the tact to replace with very creditable art. By my soul, if there had ever been any rapture of mutual affection, it wouldn't require much persuasion to get up a responsive thrill. Lacking that"—with a shrug—"until I am fully satisfied of your tactics, fair Circe of old, it may not be amiss to put on an assumption of the

He strolled across the way to the broad, smooth path where Gilbert was idly sauntering, the red tip of his cigar deepening as the twilight grew denser, his hands upon his back and his face turned contemplatively toward the heavens where pale stars rivaled the lower spark by their increasing brilliancy.
"Well, Gilbert?" His father's voice at his

side and his father's keen eyes scrutinizing his countenance by the uncertain light failed to surprise any tell-tale expression there. "Have orise any tell-tale expression there. "Have put it to the touch to win or lose it all?" "In following your suggestion—yes. You know I predicted what the result would be. Later revelations prove the truth of it. If I am

to take my charming little cousin's word for it, present myself a subject for your commisera-'You did not bungle the affair irretrievably,

hope? You carry your defeat very graceful y, in any event." "My dear sir, there's no such serviceable friend in battle as a good coat of mail, and I was prepared for this blow. If there is little gained there is nothing lost. I thought you promised uncle Elmer's influence?"

On his own concurrence. "He shifted with the next wind then. drey has referred me to him, since I assured her I was not discouraged at this first rebuff. If I didn't actually care for the girl I'd give up the game at the outset. She has no very kind remembrance of me, and unless there is a providential disenchantment of some sort, that young Artrell is bound to prove a rather formidable stick in the way—poor stick though he may be. It's one thing to know that myself, and to prove the same to Audrey quite ano-

What do you propose then?"

"What do you propose then?"

"Little enough in reality. Await the issue of events or the advantageous circumstance of some lovers' quarrel. Meantime— Is that some one to speak to you, sir?"

A young man had come up through the grounds and was pausing now within a short distance of them. "Mr. Casselworth?"—he asked, as if uncertain in that obscurity.

"You, Dorchester? What is it now?"

"A telegram received just as we were closing. I thought it might be important, so brought it out at once."

"Thanks. From Grandison, I presume. I expected to have heard from him before this. Come in and I'll see if there's an answer required.

ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the subsympton had been supported by The young men, met before this, exchanged greetings, and they all turned toward the house together. There were lights in the parlor now. Mr. Casselworth had come out of his nap, Fausclaim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. tia had settled down in an absorbed attitude over a photograph album, and Audrey was no-where visible. Dorchester waited without one A debauchee, a rove, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I where visible. Dorchester wanted without the of the open windows, exchanging an occasional word with Gilbert, while the elder Casselworth word within to make himself master of the stepped within to make himself master of the few words the thin yellow cover enveloped. long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never time for the recipient to fully digest them. The

> "Have gone to the utmost limit of instructionsmust have seventy thousand more without delay-no danger—higher demand than anticipated. G." "Confound the fellow, what does it mean?"

Jove! it wouldn't take much to bring back all the enthusiasm of my admiration for you." mused Darcy. "The utmost limit of my instructions comprised not only every cent I'm happy enough to own in the world, but a snug little investment of Elmer's in Erie, held in my name, and another sum withdrawn from his account without the trouble of getting his consent. I gave the liberty of selling out Central and Erie as a saving clause, not with any idea Grandison would need to avail himself Seventy thousand is no inconsiderable sum. and to appeal to Elmer might lead to unplea-

sant results in the way of investigation just now. Looking up he caught the clear eyes of his young assistant glancing at him from the position he had taken, leaning carelessly against the

'There's no answer, Dorchester," he said, suavely. "Rather, I shall answer it in person to-morrow. That is all?"

That was all, despite the clerk's lingering. The clear eyes passing his employer had rested upon the white-robed girlish form just entering gain, and Dorchester stood still, gazing fixedly at her. The other's words recalled him, however, and with a bow he turned hastily away.

"Confound it all," grumbled Gilbert, who had not lost that glance. "The chances are slimmer than ever if Audrey is bound to stamp such an effect upon every clodhopper's son she runs across. Deuced uncreditable rivals according to my way of thinking, but that's quite the

In the brief moment that he stood crumpling the folded slip between his fingers, a dismal phantasmagoria had risen up and faded before Darcy Casselworth's mental sight. For one instant he had seen the gaping blackness of the fathomless mine which a failure would surely open beneath his feet. All the duplicity of ears made void at last, the result of the specuations which had given him the means of maintaining luxurious, fast life and a reasonable independence, or what would have been such to a man of less assured spendthrift habits, swept away, his cousin indefinitely compromised—it was a picture to move the stoicism, one might think, of even such well-trained in lifference. But, Darcy Casselworth was not moved. It was a dismal aspect of the case which he looked in the face prepared to meet should it ever come with the assurance—" This is no new phase of the affair to me. I never took one step with a blind vision, but to gain much I dare all!"—and put away the contemplation meanwhile.

Faustia, apparently absorbed in the faces be-fore her, was furtively watching his unchanging one, not with any suspicion of how much that brief telegram involved, with a little speculation perhaps and a rousing resentment at the conscious calm which was too well assured point and plain gold ornaments. to be easily broken.

'If the man ever had a heart he ground it out long ago," she thought. "And his words and looks have power to thrill me yet. I would be worse than a fool to believe in him-and yet-and yet-

CHAPTER XIV.

ALMOST!

" LOVELY as a rose just blown -tna, was

"You were speculating possibly upon how long a time it requires for a fool to outlive his folly. If the fool be a weak fool it might last for even a score of years, but in the case of such matter-of-fact people as you and I there are membrance."

"Upon my word, Faustia, you take it very coolly now. Who would suppose that you had cool it might last that habitual smile, half-sneering, wholly blase, suggested; I might as well be made of dough that habitual smile, half-sneering, wholly blase, suggested; I might as well be made of dough that habitual smile, half-sneering, wholly blase, suggested; I might as well be made of dough that habitual smile, half-sneering, wholly blase, was gugested; I might as well be made of dough that habitual smile, half-sneering, wholly blase, suggested; I might as well be made of dough that habitual smile, half-sneering, wholly blase, was gugested; I might as well be made of dough that habitual smile, half-sneering, wholly blase, wholly blase, wholly blase, wholly blase, that habitual smile, half-sneering, wholly blase, the suggested; I might as be sure to discern where any thing was amiss, How do I compare with the generality of peo-

Audrey turned herself before the mirror; her dress of white India muslin and lace, made after the approved style of young ladies' wear, could vie with any thing in even Lora Glen-haven's wardrobe as a marvel of city mantua-

"You are perfect, ma'm'selle, perfect. If you should desire the natural color, there is nosometimes, and I also am young."

"Not on any account, Celine—not if my complexion were twenty times worse than it is.

I'll leave painting and powdering and falsifying in general to Mrs. Leland. She understands all that too well to be easily rivaled, and I'm very well satisfied to be natural."

"You could not be improved, ma'm'selle.

You are so fair, it is better than the deep flush—the red bloom—that is coarse. There, Miss Audrey; it is some one coming to your room."
"It is Lora. You darling! to come early as you promised. I am all ready to go down this very moment."

"I want to see you first, queen of the flower festival, star of the day—if there be day-stars. You'll do, Audrey. Mamma came to lend you the favor of her countenance as well, and she is going into one of her mild raptures over the rooms and the grounds. Every thing is de-lightful, and it promises to be such a novel combination, such a pleasant way of making your debut—this fete."

"Indoor and outdoor and freedom to all. It might be called a lawn-party on a rather large scale, and a ball after it. Think of such merriment at the Homestead! Papa gave uncle Darcy carte blanche and he has made full use of it—it would be contrary to his principles to do any thing else, I suppose. The dinner is to be on the lawn, you know, under the maples; and the refreshment tables are set in the dining-hall for midnight. I never knew to what account the superfluous room in the house might be turned until now. What is it, Ce-

line? "Another carriage, Miss Audrey. Two ladies have alighted and are within the gates; one is in rose silk, and the other so excessively matrouly—wears orange and black."
"Who can they be?" Audrey flew to the

window for one peep out into the grounds.
"I never saw them before. Do come and tell
me, Lora; you know everybody. No, you
haven't time. Come, dear, we must hurry
down to meet the opening of the fete."

Time had gone around and brought this, the day which was to introduce Andrey to the gayest society of the county. The intervening week had passed and not without event of rather marked importance to this hitherto seluded household.

Darcy Casselworth had been absent for a couple of days. He had found Grandison ready to defer to him, but rather more enthusiastic than was the commonly unimpressible nature of the man, and advising what they had mutually agreed upon before this: the full monopoly of the gigantic scheme which was to realize even Mr. Casselworth's idea of what is necessary for a retired man to live at ease

"Seventy thousand more will wield the whole market," said the broker, confidently. "Those Wall street sharks caught the value of the enterprise a little sooner than I had intended they should, which requires a steeper fund, but it renews confidence that was so well assured before of the safe stake we hold. My agent there communicates that he could out at one-half advance and the demand growing every hour. A few days longer and we may command our own price. I have done what I had not the slightest intention of doing when I saw you last; I put my own available capital into it soon as I saw how the fluctuations tended. Twenty thousand three days ago would have accomplished what will require

nore than three times that amount now. You invested?—then you have anticipated the very thing I came up to propose. Seventy thousand, you say! but where the deuce do you suppose seventy thousand more is to come There was a little irritability in Mr. Cassel-

worth's usually snave, complacent tones; a little ruffle of anxiety or thought or indecision on his well-regulated countenance.
"I should advise the sacrifice of any thing else; or, if other resources fail, you will have

no difficulty in securing a loan. But if you prefer realizing at present figures-"I do not prefer. I did not undertake this to fall short in any particular. I will have no difficulty in securing the sum-of course not In fact I have Elmer's indorsement for that

amount, but I have some scruple in regard to

involving him in this. I will see what I can do in another direction first, but you shall have the amount within three hours' time, Grandi Not even to the broker, who came as near holding his inmost confidence as did any living man, did Darcy Casselworth hint in what other direction his operations might extend. In the privacy of his own room at the St. Charles he may have entirely relinquished the idea of such

an attempt. At any rate, two hours of the three were passed there, and at the time appointed he placed notes bearing his cousin's inorsement in Grandison's hands, with instructions to realize upon them.

A telegram had come down two days later. and the enthusiastic wording of it must have

palliated the apprehensions of a less confident and weaker man. It settled the slight unrest which was the only sign he gave in the immediate time succeeding of what weight of vital interest hovered in the balance. The maid had arrived in charge of Audrey's

wardrobe on the very day preceding this—a neat, piquant girl, with the very faintest suswhich at once won the golden opinion of her young mistress.

Down in the drawing-rooms time to exchange greetings with Mrs. Glenhaven before the approaching visitors made their appearance

"So kind of you, dear Lora's mamma," she said, laughingly. "I shall not have any lack of support now, backed as I shall be by you two and Mrs. Leland. She is a host in herself -with a glance at the lady who was looking fresh and stately and fair in mauve silk and and sings-oh, divinely! and I never suspected she did either until last evening. Think of a woman like her hiding her candle under a bushel! She plays cards with uncle Darcy, and talks to papa, and coaxes Gilbert out of his grumpiest humors-altogether proves herself a trump card, though I confess I should have doubted without the evidence.'

All the latter part was spoken in a rapid un dertone. Mrs. Glenhaven herself had been en gaged ten minutes in conversation with th

new character without the faintest suspicion that she had ever met with Mrs. Leland before. "You are talking slang, Audrey. What would mamma say? And here comes—oh! it is—they are—Audrey, those are the Fevershams!"

"'It is—they are'—and pray who are the Fevershams?"

There was no time for a reply to the query then, but the constrained greeting of the two matrons, who faced each other for one second with just the faintest perceptible trace of consternation, recalled some hint of the old enmity, Mrs. Leland's tact came into fortunate play, and the next arrival following close, the Feversham party drifted past the receiving group of which Mrs. Glenhaven was a prominent figure. Audrey found time to whisper:

"Such vulgar people! What could have possessed uncle Darcy to invite them? I don't suppose he did that intentionally, although I remember now having heard they are not good

"They are influential people, nevertheless, and make quite astir on the rare occasions when they visit Cassel," Lora answered in the same tone Miss Annetta there was my most active rival when I was in Washington, two winters ago."

Audrey glanced from the fair, languid face

of her friend, looking cool and serene, the blonde hair crimped over the low forehead, the slight rose-flush and dainty dimples giving her a childish look of innocence—a look which her confiding nature did not belie—that is seldom found after twenty years of life and three of fashionable society. Miss Feversham, tall and black-haired, a brilliant brunette, with glancing black eyes, and manner rather "loud," was opposite in style as might well be imagined. drey contracted a dislike for her upon the spot but the tide of comers flowing in put an effectual check to any indulgence of prejudiced fancy

At five of the afternoon the company was an nounced complete, and the little group near the entrance broke for the first. The Ellerslies had been among the very last to come, and Clement Artrell having secured Audrey's ear, made his intention to retain his place plainly evident.

"You enjoy this sort of thing, of course. Sweet sixteen always does, I believe; and you

can't imagine how I envy the freshness of sweet sixteen. I've been knocked about in too hard a school to have much fresh impulse of any sort left, and anywhere else this prospect would not have proved so irresistibly enticing

as it is."
"That reminds me of cousin Gilbert. twenty-four he seems to have worn out the be-lief in all people, his pleasure in all enjoyments, and to have settled to the firm resolution never to be surprised into any avowed committal of himself. There he is now—no, there he is not, although I had a glimpse of him scarcely two minutes ago; but wherever he may be, his impassive cousinly countenance will never waver

to betray any passing sentiment of his own."
"The old adage that listeners never hear any good of themselves is disproved for once." was Gilbert's own cool voice interrupting them as he appeared at her elbow. "I couldn't have wished a more flattering account of myself, even from you, Audrey. What more laudable ambition can any man have than to be master of himself? That attained, it is no very diffi cult task to master others, and we are all of importance according to the power we wield. My father sent me to petition you to the office of cicerone, Audrey. Some of the people, new to the place, are going off in the usual form of ecstasies over the quaint architecture, dark pas sages, and the like, and want to take the circuit complete, a feat which requires a guide through the labyrinth of twisting ways and byways.'

"And who may 'some people' be supposed to include, cousin Gilbert?" "That I didn't inquire; but I believe particularly the Fevershams. It appears that the matron, conspicuous for embonpoint and orange silk, and another as equally unmistakable in et and white have developed an unsuspect ed animosity, and the company is dividing almost unconsciously into two separate and distinct cliques. It would be a pity to have the universal enjoyment marred because of a little long-standing jealousy. I don't speak for my-self; I have worn out my pleasure in all enjoy-ments, you know, and I can't hazard a criticism on the existing state of affairs since I fancy you will fly to hot partisanship. If you will accept my arm, Audrey-

Audrey drew back with a little dissenting gesture. She was quite sure in her own mind that this was a feint to draw her away in her cousin's company. Mrs. Glenhaven was the last person to head a social revolt in such a Her old enemy, the Honorable Mrs. Feversham now, had gathered a little coterie about her and was holding court in a particularly exclusive and striking style. Seeing it, the other had already quietly and gracefully given way, and taking the arm of a gentleman near, stepped out into the ornamented grounds.

"You see the danger is past, if it ever existed at all," said Audrey. "Please apply to Mrs. Leland if you fear any recurrence, Gilbert. I am going with Mr. Artrell to find how many have had the good taste to prefer outdoor shades and breezes. The hall will be opened and house lighted up immediately after sunset, which will leave time enough for dim walls

They moved away, and Gilbert turned upon his heel with that steely gleam in his eyes which had come there when he had seen them

first together in Mrs. Glenhaven's parlors.

"Very well, Miss Disdain! show your high and mighty preference if you will," was the thought in his mind. "We shall see who will prove himself best worthy that decided favor. Cowardice was never attributed to a Cassel worth yet, unless perhaps to the present milkand-water head of the 'spreading lands and storied walls' - The dickens! beg pardon-ah! Dorchester. A case of inverted vision, I'm afraid, quite inexcusable, but not unprece-

Pressing through one of the doorways halfockaded by a stationary group, he had stumbled slightly and brought up against a gentleman standing there.

"Quite excusable, and no harm done. I have been waiting a chance of ingress for five minutes, I suppose. Even my pleasurings are seldom quite divested of the business element, and I think it probable your father may be expecting me to report myself. If you chance to see him first be kind enough to say to him that Mr. Grandison has not come down."
"My deah fellah"—with the drawl which

Mr. Gilbert Cassel worth only affected for a purpose—"it's straight against my principles to charge myself with any thing like business messages. I keep clear of the vulgah pretensions -begging pardon again and nothing personal meant, you are to understand. You'll find the governor beyond there in the library or some where about.'

Just as well to let these upstarts comprehend their true places in the start," he reflected, as Dorchester, with a quiet bow, turned in the direction indicated. "I wouldn't feel so well direction indicated. "I wouldn't feel so well assured with him in the lists against me instead of the other one, Artrell, and girls' fancies are of the other one, Artrell, and girls' fancies are about as stable as the wind. On my soul, I believe it's only eight years' persistent settling of harden and have just escaped, for the first time since my favorable answer the other night. With all due arrival, piloting some one of them about."

she began to think that when they buried her, have get a man very near you again unthe name on her tombstone would be Miss Bethand have just escaped, for the first time since my arrival, piloting some one of them about." favorable answer the other night. With all due arrival, piloting some one of them about."

regard to our respected fathers for their wellmeaning kindness in having the affair all cut and dried, they succeeded in the usual style of making a deuced bad bungle of it, which would be a failure complete in any less resolute hands than mine. In mine, we are yet to see in what manner the bungle is to be avoided.

Advancing toward the library, Dorchester met the object of his search at the first turn: "Just come?" asked Darcy, carelessly, pausing, at the same moment mentioning the name of his assistant to his companion, Elmer Cassel

"Just come, sir. Mr. Grandison did not arrive with the express as you had expected."
"Ah! Even the strictest men of business can't quite go by clockwork, I presume. I must find some one to take you in charge, Dor-chester. Unfortunate that Mrs. Leland is not the devoted crowd who are too rapacious to deserve much gratification. As soon as the song is done now she will take you through the

Thanks; I am quite contented to remain a looker-on.'

"You are a stranger to all these people, I presume," said the master of the mansion. "I feel very much like a stranger myself among them to-day—like a guest in my own house." Elmer Casselworth had been little more than that for years past had he only realized the fact. "Going, Darcy? Don't let me detain you. If you will favor me, Mr. Dorchester, Pll be glad to have you along with me out in the grounds there. You are fond of music?"

Dorchestor's eyes had wandered toward the open door of the music-room. The crowd within shut the musician away from his sight, but the strong, clear contralto voice which, like the singer's handsome, peculiar face, had a masuline element so deep and rich, was it possessed

some strange fascination for him.

"Passionately fond," he answered, as an audible round of applause greeted the close of the song. "I am a Southerner by birth and educa-tion both—and I think under the old regime we felt the spirit of the liberal arts more comprethe sire of the fines, though we lacked in the finer point of cultivation. What a very peculiar voice. Was it a lady who sung—that? I never heard the words that I remember, but the circi per cultival. the air is certainly familiar.

"A lady," answered Mr. Casselworth, but he had fallen suddenly distrait. They walked silently out through the passage-ways side by side, missing by a single turn Gilbert Casselworth who had also been attracted by the song.

"A remarkable woman that," soliloquized the latter. "Doubly remarkable to claim the consideration she does, and with the most apparent confidence in demanding it from the governor whom I have always set up before me as a shining example of unimpressibility and utter

'Who could simulate a passion
For his own abased conviction;
And with Satan's best-trained faction
Well could vie, for grace of diction—'
but 'pon honor! I can't comprehend what
'abased conviction' at all liable to have weight
with the governor might tie him to the fair with the governor might tie him to the fair Mrs. Leland. If it were any other man I might tremble for my rights as only son and heir, but my father has too great an aversion for matri-monial fetters to run his neck into any noose of that sort. He may be right in the main, but a spirited beauty of a wife and a bachelor's freedom may not be such irreconcilable points as people generally consider them. Really, Audrey's companion, mystifying personage as she appears to me, thirty—anywhere above the in-termediate five, rouged and enameled as my experienced eye can readily detect, is gaining

You are a Southerner," said Mr. Cassel worth, breaking silence, as if with an effort. "I fancied, of course, it was only a fancy, that you bear a vague resemblance to one that was -a-friend of mine. From what part are

New Orleans." "New Orleans!" He repeated it with a little startled shock in his voice, and his eyes turned searchingly upon the young man's face, but he

"If your friend was a Southerner your fancy may not be entirely without foundation. Resemblances disseminate, not through families only, but distinct races. I have more than once traced my own lineaments with tolerable accuracy in other faces, but never more strik ingly than in the instance of a Creole lady. whom I met once when quite a lad. stopping for a day or two in New Orleans, I remember, something like eight—no, perhaps rather more than seven years ago. I tire you,

Again that startled, scrutinizing look fixed upon his face.
"On the contrary, you interest me. The lady -who was she?"

Her name was Madame Etoile Dupree. saw but little of her; she had recently passed through some very trying experience, I believe. She was a Creole, and I also have a trace of Creole blood, inherited from my father. She was reported to have sailed for Europe in that

ill-fated ship Vixen."
"Was reported?" It was a hoarse, unnatural voice passing Elmer Casselworth's lips; a dead, white pallor had overspread his face; that look which had first become set, searching, eager, and startled, was intensified now to absolute

"Did sail, I presume. It was a sad catastrophe, that; but we have become better familiarnot utterly horrified now by hearing of ships burning to the water's edge and every soul

Evidently Elmer Casselworth was not quite steeled to the contemplation of such horrors. There was an agitated twitching about his pale lips; a convulsed throbbing in his throat for one moment, which settled in a dead, heavy lump. He turned his face away, and recovered himself with an effort. He had no inclination to continue the subject, so changed it abruptly.

You must be introduced to some of these young people, Mr. Dorchester. Unfortunately, I am scarcely familiar with them myself. must be that the years pass speedily with a bookworm such as I have been; at any rate all these children of my own neighbors seem suddenly to have grown quite out of my knowledge. I have been looking for my daughter, but she is not anywhere in sight, I think. Here is Ellerslie, though. Mark!"

Mr. Mark Ellerslie responded to the call, I have been looking for my daughter,

lazily turning himself from his solitary position in one of the rustic seats placed here and there

in the shrubbery. "I'd certainly disavow my identity if I de-

"Try a change, then, Mark. Present Mr. Dorchester—you are not quite strangers, I see
—to Audrey when the chance occurs."

Turning away, Mr. Casselworth avoided the throng upon the lawn, taking one of those closer paths, which were all that remained of the tangled, overrun garden of eight years ago. It had been cleared and remodeled, changed to short turf and close-trimmed clumps and hedges, long since. The path, which was the darkest and gloomiest of all that were left, was quite deserted at the moment, and he walked there with a slow, heavy step, quelling the agitation stirred by that chance reference to his divorced wife, whose terrible fate had power to shake him so, after all this time. She had been false as woman can be, and it was out there just in sight, that she had faced him under the calm, full moon and glowing stars, and avowed at liberty at the moment—that is she singing to the devoted crowd who are too rapacious to deserve much gratification. As soon as the song tinued transgression-that terrible fate? Yet she had worn the reproachful look of a martyred saint when she gazed at him; it thrilled him yet to remember how that look had changed when it turned upon his cousin-her accuser. Involuntarily his own gaze turned toward the spot where they had met and parted for the last time. It was not vacant now, but it was Mrs. Leland's form filling the space. How fair she was still! how like and yet unlike the fair Faustia to whom he had given his first fleeting infatuation! And she was the same Faustia to him-recalling that first interview in the li brary with no deep tremor or hopeful thrill of a heart returning to its first love. She was all alone as he soon would be, for Audrey would marry and leave him, as his cousin had said. If not Gilbert, some one who would suit her fancy better; but he still hoped her repugnance to that union might melt away, now that she knew there should be no compulsion in the Command and Rebellion go hand hand where harmony might as easily be the rule. Faustia had seen him, and was approaching

in the thick shades now. "You are all alone, Elmer-Mr. Cassel-worth? I understood that I was wanted to relieve you of some one-who was not further particularized. I presume you have anticipated the movement and relieved yourself." "I doubt if my companion would not take an

opposite view, and consider himself relieved in being dropped by me?" "How morbid you are! It is an unhealthy I had almost said reprehensible state for you to indulge—you who have so much to make your life bright and hopeful and happy. There, don't bring up the plea, you have known trouble! What one among us all has not known trouble? what one has not been tried in that flery furnace, to come forth scathed in smaller or greater degree? Look at me, Elmer. I have been tried, I have suffered cruelly, but I do not carry my scars in perpetual sight. don't know what a dark, hard, thorny lifepath mine has been; I doubt if your own would not seem a smooth, fair road beside it, and it was all because of one terribly disastrous mistake the folly of a misguided, headstrong, heartsick girl, eager to escape from what seemed worse than folly to her then. If you could know all -all-you would not quarrel with fate for sparing you so much of the dear delightsloving friends, wide sympathies, ways of pleasantness-to weigh against so much of the pair

as was yours.' She had spoken as if with the resistless impulse of one who feels deeply and keenly her own pain, and pity for herself struggling with her womanish sympathy for him. At least that experienced eye can readily detect, is gaining quite her share of attention. It's her singing gained that rush. Taking it for a precedent one might deduce that a voice to a woman will pave the way for her just as a handsome face will do for a man, as in the case of Artrell, for instance confound him!"

was what looked upon the stately head a little lowered before him, the fair hands locked in nervous clasp, and her gray eyes filled with darkly-troubled shadows, gazing out beyond the line of shadow in which they stood. And yet, it was only consummate acting, sudden burst of passionate reproach, mute appeal and strong instance, confound him!"

The master of the Homestead, with his cousin's confidential clerk at his side, went the broad white steps of the smooth, close the broad white steps of the smooth, close the broad white steps of the smooth, close the interest of this wealthy, scholarly man, the interest of this wealthy, scholarly man, and the interest of the scholar was not consummate acting, sample of the scholar was only consummate acting, sample of the scholar was not considered. and she must'secure them to herself by a bond which could not be slipped, now while she was at her best, or the pleasure he found in her would pall, the bright glamour fade; he would go back to his books and his seclusion in spite f her, and the golden opportunity be lost. Faustia had spoken

"Then tell me all, Faustia-all!" The pain of reproach, regret and passionate

entreaty still struggled in her voice.
"Of all men in the world, you, Elmer Cassel worth, are the last to whom I would willingly It was probably the truth : certainly he "all" would have reproached him, had but known, more than this woman's skillful acting, had it come from the heart as he be-"Your life is too broad and too fair to be filled always with the gloom you have kept there. I should not be speaking now, I should not be telling you this, but it makes me unhappy to know how willfully unhappy you make

She looked fair and pleading as she stood there before him. Some pity and some tender-ness was stirring in his heart, and for the time

he was plastic as wax in her hands.

"Faustia," he reached out his hands and drew hers within them. "If I am ever better than I am now, a morbid, disappointed, hopeless and useless man. I will owe it to some good guiding angel who will have patience to teach me to shun the wrong. There was a time, twenty years ago, when I almost asked you to be my good angel through life—almost! I wonder sometimes what the result would have been had I asked you quite.

"Possibly what it will be when you have finished what you have almost asked me now-almost," she thought, and the glow of triumph so nearly realized brightened the fair, false face under his trustful eyes. (To be continued-commenced in No. 178.

### Miss Smith's Burglar.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD Miss Smith had a beau.

To you who may chance to read this, and never knew Miss Smith, the announcement may not seem very far removed from the ordinary events of life, as all Miss Smiths are expected to have beaus, in common with young ladies of a less exclusive and aristocratic family.

But to those who knew Miss Smith, and had known her for the last thirty-five or forty didn't know it was you! What an awful misyears, the fact was startling enough, I assure take! Why didn't you explain it, to me?" some poor man happy, and be gentle, though perhaps rather faded, and in some cases scrawny, Eves to the Adams who stood outside the gates of matrimonial paradise, and could the gates of matrimonial paradise, and could controlled the gates of matrimonial paradise, and could controlled the gates of matrimonial paradise, and could controlled the wrong house, that's all, and you had to go and make fuss enough to raise the dead. A pretty story it'll make when it gets out. If I hadn't been a fool I'd 'a' gone home

not be coaxed to enter. For more years than Miss Smith would have been willing to confess to, she had been pining in loneliness for her prince, but unlike the prince in the fairy tale, he did not come, and

But after awhile Mr. Dusenberry came

along.

Miss Smith lived in one part of a double house; Mr. Jones lived in the other part; Mr. Dusenberry came to visit Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Jones, who delighted in match-making, forthwith got up a scheme to marry Mr. Dusenberry to Miss Smith.

In order to accomplish this, she had to get the parties acquainted, and asked Miss Smith to tea. Then Miss Smith met Mr. Dusenberry, and as it got dusky before she went home, Mr. Dusenberry accompanied her to her door, which was only a few steps, to be sure, but it had been so long since any gentleman had escorted her even for so short a distance as that, that all the next morning Miss Smith played a jubilate on the poor little melodeon in her parlor, and

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

in a thin, shrill treble that was more remarkable for sharpness than for any thing in the way of melody. The "blessing" referred to was Mr. Dusenberry.

Of course she asked him to call, and Mr. Dusenberry, who wasn't very much used to female society, and consequently at a loss what to do or say when they were about, told her that he should be delighted to do so," and emphasized the assertion by blowing his nose on a big, red silk hankerchief. And Miss Smith mentioned Sunday evening as a nice time, and poor Mr. Dusenberry found himself committed to call on a woman, Sunday evening. He burst out in a cold perspiration all over, when he realized what he had done.

"Mighty Dinah!" exclaimed the horror struck man, when the magnitude of the fact struck him fully. Mr. Dusenberry was not a profane man, I am happy to say, and "Mighty Dinah" was the extent of his forcible exple

However, there was no getting out of the scrape, and he had to go. And Miss Smith kept him till ten o'clock, and how she accomplished it he never could tell. She got a promise out of him to come the next Sunday eve

All the week after that first Sunday evening Miss Smith went about with a rapt expression on her faded, washed-out face. Looking at her, you would have thought her mind was on heavenly things, her face had such an expression of exaltation in it.

Saturday night she retired early. The only companion Miss Smith had was a girl, that filled the capacity of maid-of-all-work. This girl slept up-stairs, and Miss Smith occupied a room in the lower story.

About ten o'clock Miss Smith woke up from

a dream of Mr. Dusenberry to hear a creaking of the front door. "It can't be Mariar!" said Miss Smith to her

self. "Mariar" was her hired girl. "It must be a burglar; dear me!" Miss Smith turned pale and faint at the idea

The moon was shining very faintly. She lay and listened. She heard the door shut to, and then steps came up the hall, and oh, horror of horrors! some one pushed open her bedroom-door and

It was a man!

She could see enough in the dim moonlight to tell that, but she could not tell who it was. "Oh! Oh! O-o-o-h!" shrieked Miss Smith, as the man came toward the bed. "Murder-

mur-r-rder!"
"Mighty Dinah!" gasped the cause of Miss
Smith's fright. "Where am I? Who are

"Oh, you wretch!" cried Miss Smith, cover ing her face in the bed-clothes. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Murder—mur-r-r-der!"
From under the bed-clothes Miss Smith's muffled voice sounded like the doleful sound

we are requested by Dr. Watts to "hark from the tombs

sake, ma'am, don't! It's all a mistake, I assure "Murder! thieves!" yelled Miss Smith, hear

ing Maria coming down-stairs with a terrible

The door of a closet happened to be standing open, and into this plunged the frightened man, and banged to the door behind him. This door happened to shut with a lock, having but an outside knob; so when he swung the door together, he made a prisoner of hims "For mercy's sake, ma'am!" cried Maria, are you dead?"

"Oh!" eried Miss Smith, venturing to uncover her head, "there's a horrid man in the closet. He wanted to kill me. You ought to have heard him threaten me. Run for Mr. Jones, quick, before he can get out. Dear me

"Don't!" came in a muffled roar from inside the closet. "Dont! You're mistaken! It's me-Mr. Dusenberry, and I got into the wrong house V Let me out, please."
"Oh, you brute!" cried Miss Smith. "Run,

Mariar, and bring Mr. Dusenberry, too-quick He may get out and murder me while you're

Maria clattered away, and was knocking at the Jones' door in no time. Several very forcible exclamations proceeded

from the closet. "Ain't you ashamed to swear so, you wretched creature?" cried Miss Smith. "I'll have you tried for bigamy, and I hope they'll send you to the Penitentiary for life." Pretty soon she heard Maria coming back,

followed by Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Jones, and one or two little Joneses. An ominous stillness reigned in the closet

Mr. Jones had armed himself with a club. Mrs. Jones had the poker. Maria had a lamp to throw light upon the situation. "Come out of that!" cried Mr. Jones, valiantly, after stationing Mrs. Jones on the other side of the door, with her weapon in readiness for immediate action. "Come out of that, or I'll

"Such a pack of fools!" exclaimed the prisoner, indignantly. "How can I get out when the only door knob is on the outside?"

Mr. Jones turned the outside knob. Come out, or I'll-" Out stepped the burglar. Mrs. Jones gave a hout and dropped her poker. Mr. Jones opened his eves in astonishment.

Miss Smith, arrayed in white, shrieked like a Comanche, and then made a dive for the poor "Oh, Mr. Dusenberry!" she sobbed. "I

you. All the other ladies of uncertain age in Dombeyville plucked up fresh courage, and resolved to persevere in their efforts to make you'd 'a' listened to me. I made a mistake, and

a week ago.

With which parting shot Mr. Dusenberry marched off in righteous indignation.

Poor Miss Smith! She has about come to the conclusion that Miss Betsey Smith will be graven on her tombstone. She hasn't had a been since Mr. beau since Mr. Dusenberry left her, and there isn't any prospect of one.

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120 Double-Hand.
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123 Cato, the Creeper.
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#### THE TONSORIAL ARTIST.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

A strapping fellow was O'Dodd As any one might see, Although not born in Barbary, A barber true was he.

Politeness seemed to be his art, For no one entered there But he would greet him with a smile, And offer him a chair.

A man of much humanity
Which is a human grace,
It always made him sad to see
A wrinkle in your face.

He was a meek and humble man As you would well suppose, Yet took all men both great and small Familiarly by the nose.

Though brave and bold through life he went Quite straight and never feared, It is quite true of him to say He very often "sheared."

At any thing that wasn't right His light remarks were few; But then to all uncleanliness He gave a sharp sham-pooh!

A quiet man who much condemned Mischief in every shape, Yet strange to say he was the first To get into a "scrape."

With razors did he raise his store Of much-respected pelf, He took each customer by the beard— But ne'er was beer'd himself.

And while unlearned in lettered lore, Unused to book or pen, It was his boast that he improved The heads of wisest men.

And while he never had been used To politicians' roles,
All said he never could be beat
In working at the polls.

Strange Stories.

### THE OUTLAW'S TRICK. A Legend of Robin Hood.

BY AGILE PENNE.

A BRIGHT May morning and a group of green-garbed archers standing beneath a huge oak tree on the borders of the far-famed forest of Sherwood, near to Nottingham town.

From the dress of Lincoln-green and the weapons that they bore, one could easily have guessed that the six stalwart yeomen who waited beneath the greenwood tree were members of Robin Hood's famous band.

Twas in the time of the "Lion Heart," great "I was in the time of the "Lion Heart, great Richard, the first of that name, but he languished afar in a foreign prison, and his crafty brother, John, usurped the throne of England.

"It is time that Robin was here," quoth Little John, so named because he stood six feet at least and was heaven of pursule and stout of

least, and was brawny of muscle and stout of

thew as a Thracian gladiator.

"He will come anon," said Will Scarlet, who wore a red hood and leaned upon a quarter-staff that bore the dint of many a hard knock.

"I hope that no ill luck has come to Robin!" Little John exclaimed, an earnest look upon his face. "I heard it said as I came along this morning that bold Adam Gay, high-sheriff of Nottingham, was abroad, and with two score fellows at his back, and all to take sweet Robin and his merrie men."

"By the king, I swear I would like no better

quarry than the doughty sheriff!" Will Scarlet cried. "A gray-goose shaft would send him quickly back to Nottingham, and give his widow a chance to find a better husband."

But, even as the words were out of the mouth of gay Will Scarlet, through the wood came the sheriff and his force.

Six could do but little against a host, and the dense green wood protected the sheriff's posse from the deadly arrows of the archers. 'Since arms are of no avail, let us trust to

legs!" quoth Little John, and nimbly into the wood the merrie men ran.

Little John lingered behind the rest and fit-

ted a shaft to his bow. A parting gift he designed to give the sheriff, stern Adam Gay.

The rest of the archers noted not his delay, and hurrying on were soon lost within the fast-

Yield thee, thou villain archer!" cried the sheriff, flourishing his blade, as he came within a hundred yards of where Little John stood at

bay.
"Commend thy soul to Heaven, for you are not long of this earth!" cried Little John, as designed to the head. bent his bow and drew the arrow to the head. The sheriff saw his danger, halted, and turned to flee; too late would have been the movement to save himself from the deadly shaft but that the uncertain wood of Little John's bow

Now, curse upon that puling bough!" cried Little John, as he cast the fragments down; "I fear that it has given me my death!"

The sheriff's men had circled him around and about, and Little John was in the toils. He laid his hand upon his blade as if with

intent to die sword in hand. Now yield thee, bold archer, and mercy I

will show!" the sheriff said. Little John glanced around at the circle of armed men, and thought while there is life there is hope, and so he cast down his good

sword and cried aloud that he surrendered to the sheriff of Nottingham. They bound his arms with a leather cord, and Adam Gay smiled grimly with joy. "You are Little John, if report speaks true, for he is said to be the tallest of Robin's band,

and, archer, thou art nearly as stout in limb as bold Richard of England himself," the sheriff "I am Little John," the yeoman said, " and woe is me that my bow of yew was sapped at the heart, else thy prisoner I ne'er would have

"And where is thy master, bold Robin Hood?" the sheriff asked. "Methinks he has but scant courtesy to hide in the forest when

noble guests come to seek him." If he had warning of thy coming, he would have received you with such a welcome that

many of you would have been constrained to stay within the wood forever," Little John answered. "And now, what mercy will you show to me since I have yielded without a

"The mercy that the ferret shows to the rat!" cried the sheriff, fiercely; "your neck to the gallows and your soul to Satan!"

"Be not so sure of that!" Little John re-plied; "bold Robin Hood will not let me suf-"He must come quick to thy aid, then!" the sheriff grimly answered, "for before the sun

sets there will be one robber the less in England!" And then he gave the word to march fer Nottingham, but Guy of Gisborne, a sturdy gentleman all clad in glittering mail, stepped to the front.

"By Our Ladye, sheriff, I swear! I will no return to town, but alone and single-handet will I search for Robin Hood deep within thd forest. If I conquer him, so much more wile

Then into the wood plunged Guy of Gisborne, while the sheriff and his men carried the stalwart archer straight to Nottingham town.

bered she had called him "a conceited prig," to his very face, and all she would say was, "he did well enough."

Greatly the rich rejoiced and the poor grieved when they saw Little John a prisoner in the hands of the sheriff, for Robin Hood, his master, was a friend of the lowly and the helpless; many a gold piece had he wrung from the noble to give unto the peasant.

If tears could have bought Little John's ransom, a hundred thousand would freely

A short half mile from Nottingham town, under a huge oak tree, they built the gallows upon which to hang Little John, as the sheriff had sworn.

And just at sundown, in a cart, guarded by the sheriff's fellows, and followed by the sorrowing people, Little John rode to his

No trial had the archer received, no shrift, for cruel Adam Gay swore that he would doom both body and soul.

Under the great oak tree the cart halted, and Little John looked up at the rope, and then around him. No hope of rescue was there, for a hundred stout men-at-arms circled him

around, and his arms were pinioned, too.
"Come, hang me this fellow!" the sheriff cried, in glee, and then on the air came the "'Tis the bugle blast of Guy of Gisborne!" said Adam Gay. "I know the notes; now Heaven send that he has taken the outlaw."

Through the crowd into the circle by the cart came a man all covered with blood so that his face was hid as by a mask, but all recognized the shining mail of Guy of Gisborne. In his hand he bore a bow, as tall as himself,

and an Irish knife.
"See," he said, his voice hoarse from his fierce heat, "the bow of the archer, and Robin Hood lies dead, struck down by my good

sword in Sherwood forest.' "Now the saints be praised!" cried the sheriff, in glee. "The thousand marks, good Guy, are yours, and what else you wish be-

"Let me strike this knave!" the bloody man cried, and he pointed to Little John. I've killed the master, let me finish the fel-

"Willingly!" said the sheriff.
With a nimble leap the man in armor sprung
into the cart and raised the Irish knife, and all the bystanders stood aghast. And then, in a twinkling, Little John's bonds were cut and he held a bended bow in

Straight through the breast of Adam Gay, sheriff of Nottingham, the archer sent the

feathered shaft. Thirty men or more in Lincoln-green came at a dash from the neighboring wood, and fast back to town ran the sheriff's fellows, the ar-rows whistling after them.

'Twas Guy of Gisborne who lay dead in Sherwood forest, killed in single fight by bold Robin Hood, and 'twas the outlaw himself who donned the slain man's mail and prayed to the sheriff for leave to kill Little John with the cruel knife, and thus the archer king tricked Adam Gay

### Bettie's Preacher.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

PRETTY Bettie Porter's cheeks were as red as the cherries she put in her pies when she stooped to take the aforesaid pies out of the

Just as the last one was lifted out, good Mrs. Porter came in from the morning session of the ministers' meeting, which she attended while Bettie stayed home to do the baking. "Come, Bettie, we must hurry up dinner."

said she. "Father has brought young Elder Palmer home to dinner, and he has invited a dozen of the ministers here to tea."

"My goodness, mother! what made you let him? I wanted to go to Carrie Webb's this afternoon, and now I'll have to stick in the kitchen! I do hate preachers! They're the most stuck-up set I ever saw! And there isn't one thing fit for dinner to-day! Father is too provoking!

"Hush, Bettie; there is no one coming to dinner but Elder Palmer, and you know we must be sociable to him, for the brethren think of calling him here.

"Calling him! Well, of all preachers I do hate a conceited prig of a boy! The idea of calling a green youngster like him after such a father in Israel as old Brother Carter!" tie paused at last, heeding the warning gesture of her mother, but paused too late, for in the very door which was open between the kitchen and the porch stood Elder Palmer, with an amused smile which was unmistakable on his leasant lips.

Poor Bettie! though she was impulsive and nischievous, she was incapable of being rudeshe felt as if the blushes would burn through

But the young minister came forward, say ing, with courteous ease: "Brother Porter told me I should find the family here somewhere, while he put the horses in the barn. This is Miss Porter, I presume?" extending his hand to poor Bettie, who touched it without

raising her eyes.
"Now, Sister Porter, if you will let me take a seat in this pleasant porch, I shall enjoy it exceedingly," he said, thus kindly getting himself out of Bettie's way, for which she inwardy thanked him, as she hastened to set the ta-

Notwithstanding Bettie's declaration that there was nothing fit to eat, the dinner was very nice indeed, but she could not be prevailed upon to appear. As soon as it was ready, she made her escape up-stairs, telling her mo-ther she was all out of breath. And good Mrs. Porter, pitying her mortification, let her have

her own way.

Perhaps the young minister missed the bright, willful face of which he had only had a I am sure he glanced around for it glance. during the afternoon service, but Bettie was not there. She went at night, because her fa-ther desired it, and wished herself at home again, when Elder Palmer himself rose in the

She did not know he was going to preach and her cheeks reddened with confusion. felt as though she never could look in his face again. She did not, until the service was half over, though she listened intently to the full, rich voice which filled the little church to the

remotest corner. At last she ventured to raise her brown eyes, to find them meet the full glance of the young preacher's clear blue ones, and they dropped

gain, in instant confusion.

Poor Bettie! she enjoyed nothing but the singing, that meeting. And she did not know how intently Elder Palmer was listening to her strong, sweet soprano, or guess how correctly he read the foolish little girl's heart which fluttered so tremulously within her bo-

She avoided him whenever he came to their house, but blushed and looked so conscious when he was mentioned that her waggish little brother, Tom, who saw that something was out of the common way, and didn't know what, began to tease her about him, every chance he

Bettie was sure she hated him, and she was terribly vexed when the church elected him as their pastor.

Imagine her astonishment and vexation when her father came in one day and announced that for the present Elder Palmer was coming to board with them!

Good Mrs. Porter was delighted, but poor Bettie went up to her own room and cried all the afternoon. If she had not made such a dreadful blunder at first, she would have liked him, for she could not help owning that he was "No music like our own, eh, Scribbler?" said a man of talent and good breeding, and a plea-

sant addition to the social circle.

It vexed her to be thinking of him so much. "It's awful," she said to herself, "to be always thinking of a person one doesn't like. But when he's always in one's way, how can it be

few accidental ones on the stairs, or a few casual words at the table.

She never sat down a moment in the room where he was, if she could possibly help it, or did any thing else which threw her in his way. One day the young minister went into the country, and Bettie having company of her own, and not expecting him back, got supper

Just as she had finished her work, she heard him come in and go up-stairs to his room.
Well, she would be obliged to ask if he had been to supper, so she stepped into the front hall, just as Tom came down-stairs.

Tom, who did not see that Elder Palmer was at the top, coming down too, sung out:
"Bet, your preacher's come, and you'll have

to get him his supper."
"Poor Bettie! she could have shaken Tom to pieces! But Elder Palmer relieved her embarassment by saying, in a pleasant, unconcerned

"I won't put Miss Bettie to all that trouble for I am engaged to take tea at Deacon Brown's this evening." He went out immediately, and Bettie follow-

ed Tom to the back porch, and informed him that when mother came back, she intended to see if he couldn't be made to keep his saucy mouth shut." It was prayer-meeting evening, and Bettie

and Carrie Webb, who was the friend visiting at Porter's, went together. After meeting, Carrie said good-night, and went off with her own folks. Bettie waited for her father as usual. To her great dismay, he came up presently, say-

ing:
"Daughter, I am obliged to remain a little while with the business committee; but Elder Palmer will walk on with you."

Bettie looked around quickly for Carrie, intending to go with her and stay all night; but Carrie was gone. There was no help; she had to walk out of the meeting-house with Elder Palmer, and be alone with him under the silent stars. She pretended not to notice the arm he offer-

ed her. They walked a few steps, and then the young pastor quietly reached out his hand, took hers, and laid it in its place upon his arm. Bettie trembled all over with indignation, but she did not well know how to help herself, as she did not resist.

Presently Elder Palmer spoke:

"Miss Bettie, why is it you so persistently avoid me? Is it because you really dislike

thing has happened so ridiculous-' "If what Tom said to-day has worried you, it need not," said the young man. "I don't mind any thing he says in his mischief. Besides, Miss Bettie, if it were true, would it be so

very dreadful?" There was something in his voice which fairly took Bettie's breath away, and made her blood bound in the furthest veins.

"It would not be to me," went on Elder Palmer. "I wish I were 'your preacher,' more yours than any one else's, Bettie. I know you mer. ave your little willful ways, but it seems to me they only make you more sweet and lovable. I do love you, whether you care for me or not, and I want you for mine. May I have you, Bettie?"

"Oh, you can not be in earnest!" panted poor Bettie.

"I am in such earnest as a man is when he feels his whole future happiness for this world is at stake. Dear Bettie, may I be really 'your

"Oh, I don't know! I am not fit for a minister's wife "You are, dearest, if you love him, and are

willing to make his home-life happy. Dear Bettie, tell me frankly, do you love me?" "I think I do," whispered that deceitful lit-tle Bettie, spite of all she had said and done be-

"Then, darling, since the heart is mine, may I have the hand also?" "If you will take such a worthless thing,"

whispered Bettie. If I will!" and then the young ministervell, you know men will do these things, even if they are ministers—he clasped her in his arms, and vowed she should never regret her

I am sure she never has. But there was an unlimited amount of parish gossip over the wedding, for very few of the ladies, especially, could see what made the minister fancy that iddy little Bettie Porter, when there were

others who—well, you understand.

The minister understood perfectly, but it was only Bettie he wanted, and she was entirely satisfied with her preacher.

### Rod and Rifle.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

I.—BROOK FISHING.

WE camped beside a running stream of clear, bright water in a place of solitude, bordered by pine and balsam, one of those forest nooks which rejoice the soul of the fisherman and make him involuntarily joint his rod and stretch his leader because he knows that trout must lurk in the shaded pools. The brook itself was narrow—a man could leap across it at the widest part—but we knew well that here lay hidden the gamest of all fish—the "brook" trout. Small, it is true, but full of life and vim, ready to fight out the battle with rod and vim, ready to fight out the battle with rod and real—to the death. No chance for "flying" a sand-sieve. I'll knock you so full of holes that Old Ben will use you for a strainer. You trust to bait.

these forest excursions, ready for fun of any kind and on the alert to catch one of us "on the hip." Dan Harvey—a "local" on a daily paper, a genial, good-natured soul—and Scribbler completed the party.

"Make a fire, Scrib," said Harry, as he began to joint his rod, "and I'll give you more trout in half an hour than even you can eat."

"I suppose you want all the fun yourself, Viator," I said, "but you can't come it; I'd rather fish than eat."

ther fish than eat."

ther fish than eat."

"He can't eat any thing, either," said Dan, in a tone of deep sympathy. "He's been warned out of four boarding-houses this year because they said they couldn't feed a cannibal, and now they grub him by contract."

"Oh, shut up, Dan," I retorted, beginning to get wrathy. "How can a man keep his mind on his work when your chin is in motion? I like mysic, but the motion of your jaw is to

Harry, as he knocked a piece off a rotten stump to look for grubs. "Now stand back and I'll shew you a trout."

He crept up to the bank with Indian-like caution, choosing the side opposite the sun so that his shadow could not fall upon the water. The Miss Bettie quite ignored the fact that ever since the young pastor came to board with them her meetings with him had been confined to a trout, nearly a pound in weight, shaking his stubborn head and striving with all his power to shake the hook from his jaws. But the hand which never failed held the pliant lancewood, and in a moment more the noble fish lay gasping on the bank, his glorious colors fading

as his life ebbed away.
"First fish!" shouted Harry. "You owe me one, Scribbler.'

"Oh, let's start fair," I retorted, as I put on a grub. "How can I keep even with you if you throw in before I can get on a bait?" "All right!" rejoined Harry. "Are you

We threw in together, and almost at the ame moment hooked a fish

It is many years since I first took the lancewood in my hand, but in spite of that I have not yet presence of mind enough to remember always that it is dangerous to try to throw a trout overhead when the trees grow close to the hand. The moment the trut struck my the bank. The moment the trout struck my hook I threw him with all my force, and had the satisfaction of seeing my leader tangled in a stout limb hanging over the water, while a lovely trout, too securely hooked to escape, swayed to and fro in the wind. How was I to get him—was the question which agitated my bosom at that moment. The limb did not look

too strong to bend by the hand.

"Whistle for your fish, Scrib," suggested
Dan, in a tone of heartfelt sympathy. "Put

some salt on his tail." "I wouldn't be so foolish if I could get

along without it just as well," I grumbled.
"How am I going to get my leader?"
"Shin up the tree and bend the limb down,"
said Dan. "I'll take it off. Or, hold on; I'll go up the tree."
I ought to have known that this offer of as-

sistance on the part of Dan Harvey meant mis-chief, but I was anxious for that fish; so up he went and began to walk out on the limb, hold ing on to a still stronger one above his head. As the limb bent under his weight I advanced to the bank and reached out as far as I could

to grasp it.
"A little further out, Dan," I said. "A step more will do it."

Dan took the additional step, and I grasped

the end of the limb firmly, reaching far out to do it, and nearly losing my balance in the at-tempt. This was the moment for Dan, and, as if by accident, his feet slipped from the branch, while he hung suspended by the one above him. The elastic limb sprung back, and before could recover myself I knew just how wet

Dan Harvey may try to explain this matter away if he likes, but I am ready to attest upon oath my belief in the fact that he did not slip off that limb by accident. Sooner or later my time will come, and then-but let us not antici

Harry did not wait to hear the fervent male

dictions I heaped upon the head of Dan Harvey, or to notice where the stones landed which I hurled up at him as soon as I could spit the water out of my mouth and clear my eyes for a throw. Nothing but the gifts of nature in the shape of a pair of legs of marvelous length and agility saved the object of my wrath from destruction in my angry mood, and a looker-on would have seen a vision of a pair of slender legs carrying a long body up-stream at a won-derful rate of speed while an avalanche of stones steamed after.

Then, having put the foe to rout, I got a hatchet, shinned up the tree, and cut off the limb—a thing I ought to have done before instead of accepting Dan Harvey's hypocritical offers of assistance. I had just got the line clear and was preparing to throw in again when loud howls of dismay announced that Dan was in trouble.

Joy beaming in every feature, I threw my whole muscular force into my limbs and dashed up-stream to see what was the matter, and found Dan up to his knees in a quicksand from which he was vainly endeavoring to extricate himself.

and pull me out. I'm in a peck of trouble."
"What's the matter?" I said, calmly.
"Matter! you idiot; don't you see what's the matter? When I lift one foot up the other goes

"Here, Scrib," he bawled. "Clap on here

in deeper. "I see," I said. "Curious, very, very curious Do you know, Dan, that I have always wished to study the manner in which a body sinks into a quicksand, so as to be able to write from actual observation? Describe your sensations; tell me how you feel!"

And I got out my note-book and sat down on a log close at hand with an expression of deep curiosity on my face. Dan understood menone so well as he—and for about three min-utes he "set me out" in language which does not form a part of Webster's spelling-book or

the Bible.

"Ah, I see," I said, calmly, making notes as he proceeded. "The first phase is profanity. The victim vents a choice selection of participles upon the head of the man who will not hurry and help him out. Curious; when found make a note on." Of course that soothed him down pretty It always does make a man feel bette

when he is in affliction to have some one roost on a log near by and preach. Now Dan, as a general rule, is not a profane man, but upon this occasion he literally boiled over with it, and when he once did set to work he swore by

that Old Ben will use you for a strainer. You just wait; that's all!" be my glory."

"Go, then, in Heaven's name!" replied the sheriff, "and a thousand marks will I pay for the robber's head."

We were three in number, besides the guide, and he had gone back to his cabin for a day or two while we tried the brooks for trout. Harry the robber's head."

It is and the war, I have and such an optom two while we tried the brooks for trout. Harry was with us, of course, the leader always in heard about quicksands but never saw one in ticing.

successful operation until the present moment,

successful operation until the present moment, upon my word. How do you feel now?"

"Oh, won't I lather you when I get out of this, Scrib!" howled the unlucky joker. "Won't I pi your form awful! Why, it will be easier to pick up lower-case agate than the fragments of your frame, when I get at you."

"Why don't you climb out?" I asked. "You seem to be good at climbing. Of course I don't want you to do any thing which you object to, but, it seems to me you might get one of those

but it seems to me you might get one of those legs fastened on solid ground, somehow."

By this time he changed his tone, for he was up to his knees and sinking deeper all the time. He began to beg for help and remind me of one of our old school days and the happy hours we had spent together in the ald school house. we had spent together in the old school-house. I listened to his tales of our boyhood intercourse calmly, and noted them down as a new phase in this interesting study. Then he got wild again and began to flounce around in the

mud, and let out a few more participles "Are you sorry I fell in the creek, Dan?" I asked.

"Sorry? No, cuss you, no! I wish it had been forty feet deep!"
"I guess I'll go down and fish a little while," I said. "By the time I catch a mess of trout perhaps you'll be sorry.

I made a feint of going away, and Dan caved "Hold on, Scrib--I'm sorry as a dog. "Hold on, Scrib--I'm sorry as a dog."
"Are you? Beg my pardon, then. It's the least thing one gentleman can do for another."
"I won't. By jinks, I won't beg your pardon, if I go to China."
"Good-by!" I again started, and he capitulated

"I beg your pardon, Scrib."
"Louder: I can't hear you."
He fairly yelled a plea for pardon, and my injured honor was satisfied. I got a pole, gave him one end of it, and dragged him out of the sand, and without waiting to see how he liked it, I hoofed it down-stream at a lively pace, For prudential reasons I kept out of Dan's way for two or three hours, and, far away down-stream, as I "yanked" the trout out of the sil-ver pools, I rejoiced to know that my downfall had not been unavenged.

### A Very Matter-of-Fact Story.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED. TRUTH is indeed stranger than fiction. The ollowing brief narrative signally illustrates an

old adage. In the spring of 1840, a young man, answering to the commonplace and almost plebeian name of John Jones, left his native village and took up his abode in the city of New York. He was friendless, moneyless and comparatively uneducated. But he was ambitious, self-confident and self-reliant. Scores of men, with the same capital, have achieved wonders.

Our hero was not long in finding employ-

ment. He commenced his business career in the great metropolis as a common porter, in a large wholesale dry-goods establishment. Let the reader reserve his sneer until he arrives at the denouement. The position, humble as it was, suited Jones very well, at that period of his life, and the salary sufficed for his simple needs. He was willing to work, and, better still, he was not ashamed of it. Even in after life the habits of industry and application, acquired in this hard school, clung to him, and, unlike many of our modern men of business, he was never known to indulge in a summer vacation. Indeed, he never set foot within the charmed precincts of Long Branch, Saratoga, or any of the places of fashionable re-

The months winged their flight to the evergrowing past, and Jones not only gave satisfaction, but succeeded in attracting the favorable notice of his employers. His energy

would have been remarked anywhere. But my readers must not think that the oung porter was altogether contented with his bscure station in life. Far from it. His imagination lived in the future, and something whispered to him that, in the coming to-mor-rows of time, one was set apart for him. This igh and gratifying anticipation lightened his daily burden, and made his lot far more en-durable than it would otherwise have been.

The head of the house in which Jones was employed was an aristocrat and a millionaire He was almost entirely devoted to the Almighty Dollar, and the little affection he had to spare was lavished upon his only child—his daughter, a girl of ravishing beauty. Jones frequently saw this charming little creature, and secretly worshiped her. He was twentyone, and she just fifteen. There was, of course, a wide social gulf between these young people, but the manly youth resolved that the lovely prize should be his, if there was any virtue in energy and perseverance. He had three definite objects in life—to rise to a place in the firm, to buy a certain Fifth avenue palace, and to marry his employer's daughter. Ambitious aims, these, but it should be remembered that, in this wonderful land of ours, barefooted boys are the stuff out of which Presidents and

millionaires are manufactured! Years rolled on. Jones' employer grew wealthier, and his daughter developed into a marvel of beauty and intelligence. In the mean time, what of our hero? The astute reader perhaps guesses at the sequel already. To make a short story still briefer, I will give the result in a few words. More than thirty years have now elapsed. The great dry-goods ealer has been gathered to his fathers, but the firm still continues as prosperous as ever. The eautiful heiress is now a happy wife and mother. The Fifth avenue palace still stands in the same place. And Jones? Well, Jones holds his old position, and is likely to hold it to the day of his death. He is still unmarried, and, in spite of his age, can lift heavier weights than any other porter in New York!

The New Serial!

Soon to be given, the opening chapters of YTOL;

The Haunted Life. BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., Author of "Stealing a Heart," "Iron and Gold," etc.

A romance of an orphaned life, in which a young girl battles with a strange fate, showing how great is the power of love-how implacable the power of hate. Strong in drama, exciting in cenes, singular in situations, and with remarkable contrasts in character, it is well calculated to

rivet attention and excite impatient interest. It is a tale of varied elements of action, event and character, and as a story is exceedingly en-